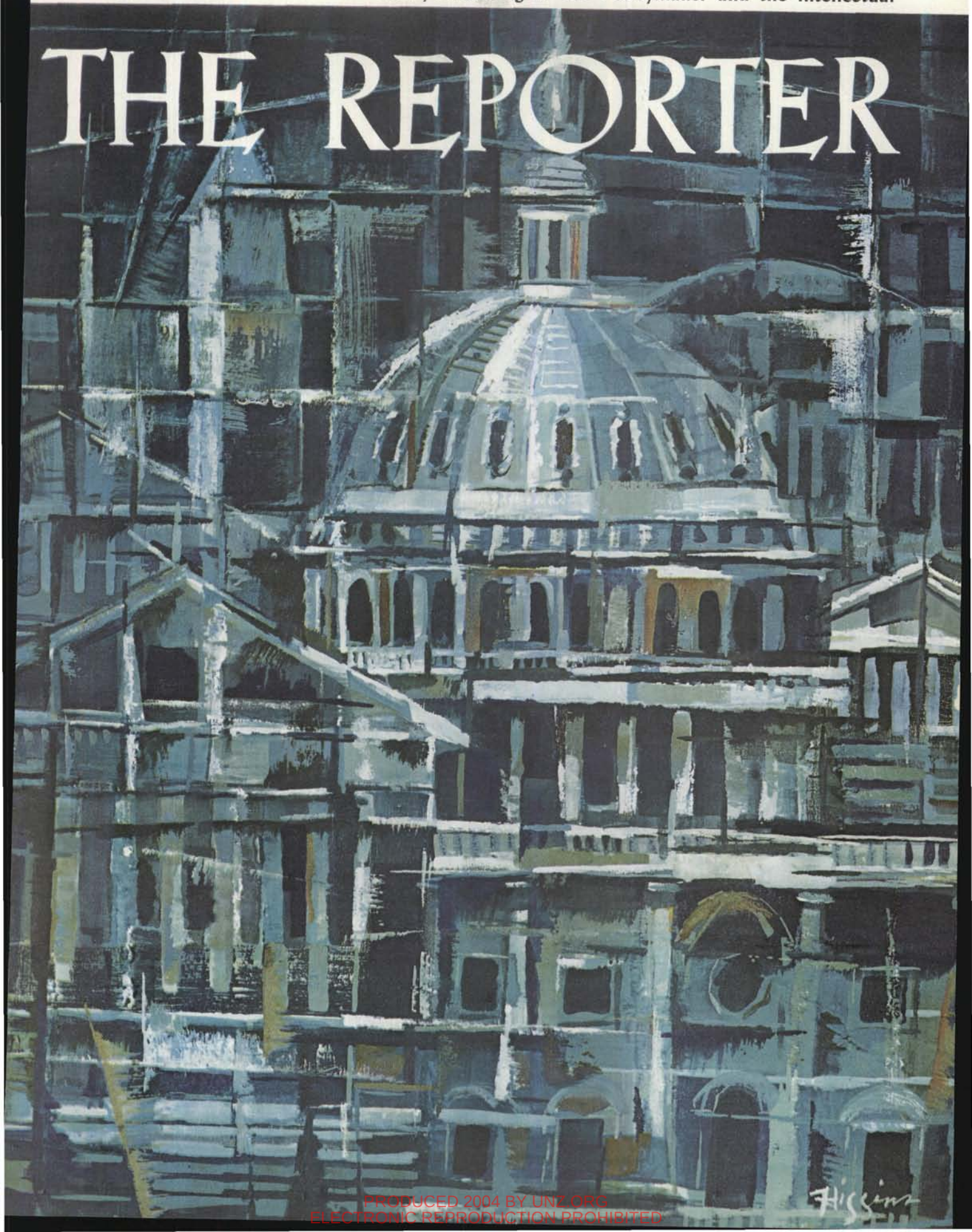
CAN A DEMOCRAT WIN IN '60?

March 5, 1959 25¢

Henry A. Kissinger: 'The Policymaker and the Intellectual'

THE REPORTER



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Honeymooners at El Rancho—less than an hour's drive from San Juan. Photograph by Tom H. Hyman.

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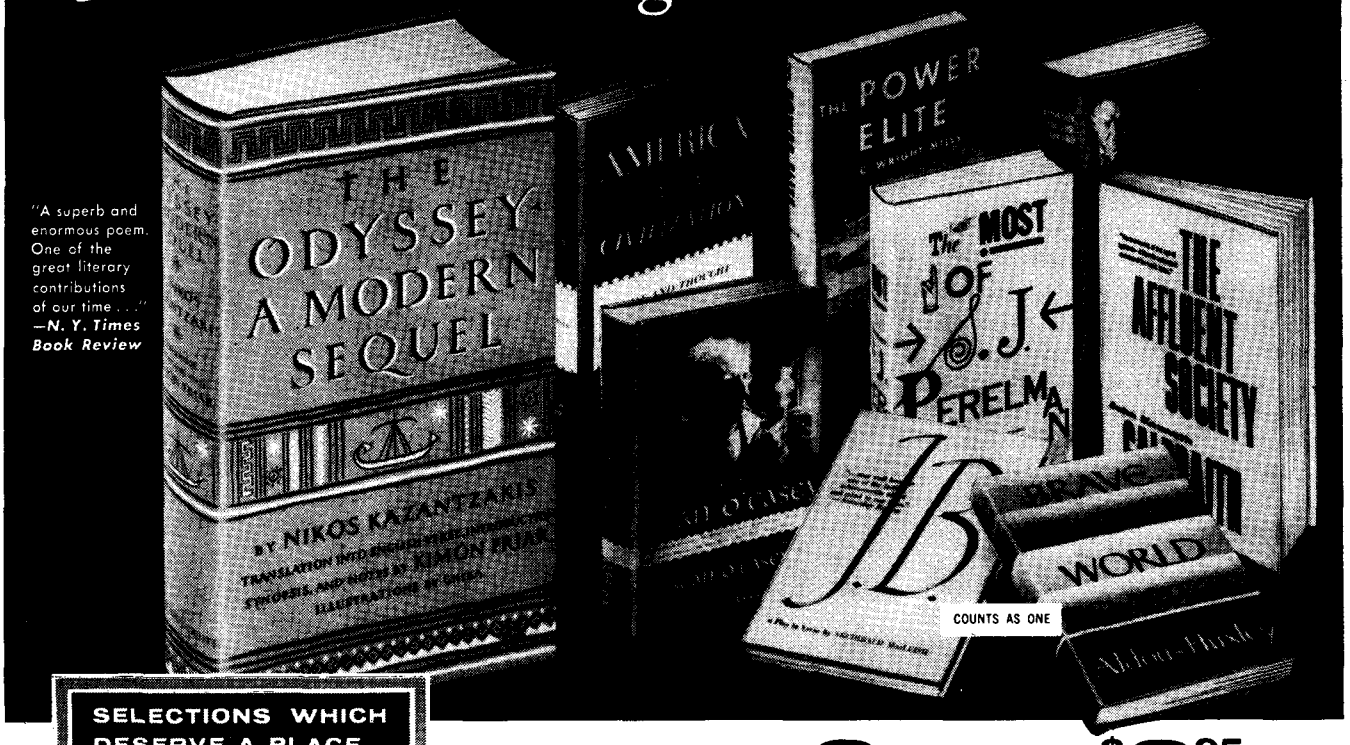

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Good-by to Enosis

So now the world has another new nation-state: Cyprus. Whether its presence is absolutely necessary we forbear to question. We only note with relief that it is certainly to be preferred to *two* Cypruses, which seemed, at one point, a very possible alternative. The agreement reached in London among Greeks, Turks, and British is a clear-cut victory for common sense over doctrinaire chauvinism. Like most such victories, it mainly demonstrates how utterly absurd was the conflict that preceded it. The terms of the present settlement were available all during the past two bloody and agitated years: what was lacking was the wisdom and foresight to consider them.

Such wisdom and foresight were particularly lacking in His Beatitude Archbishop Makarios, who intransigently rejected the idea of Cypriot self-rule under a temporary British dominion, only to end up with what amounts to a permanent Greco-Turkish condominium. He insisted on *enosis*, or union with Greece; rejected the British suggestion of a ten-year postponement of the issue; and now ends with an absolute prohibition of it.

Nor are the archbishop's troubles over. Basically, the new setup provides for a federal (or to be more exact, a communal) constitution. But in their enthusiasm for "democracy," conceived as absolute and unconditional majority rule, newly independent nations rarely possess the knack of operating federal arrangements. Moreover, the archbishop's own power, rooted in the authority of the clergy, is now challenged in urban centers—particularly by the trade unions. The Communists have been showing increasing strength. Hitherto, gunmen of the extreme Right and the extreme Left have found a common target in the British. Once they emerge as legitimate political parties, however, the two movements are not likely to coexist easily or peacefully.

It is even possible that we shall yet witness the final irony: the Turkish community holding the balance of power between the two contending Cypriot Greek parties. The archbishop may yet find himself getting terribly fond of the terrible Turks. He might find some historical precedents; for clerical predominance in Cyprus is a legacy of the three centuries of Turkish rule.

Secret, But Not News

We have been looking "Behind Closed Doors" by courtesy of NBC, which has a regular television program of that name. The series is "based upon the files and experience of Rear Admiral Ellis M. Zacharias," former deputy director of Naval Intelligence, and author of a volume called, by an unremarkable coincidence, *Behind Closed Doors*. Admiral Zacharias, the program announcer claims, knows more about what is going on behind closed doors than almost anyone in the government. After viewing some of these goings-on, we have come to the conclusion that it would be no disservice to the nation if the admiral's door remained closed.

To take one recent show, which will stand for the whole. Western intelligence agents learn that a top-drawer Soviet envoy, dispatched by Premier Khrushchev to the United Nations, is to stop over in London to brief the Soviet ambassador on his mission. A microphone is planted on the ambassador's desk. With its help, we learn that the Soviets have suffered a bad accident in one of their major atomic installations. A number of their chief scientists have been killed and Soviet nuclear progress has been set back "many years." Cunningly, the Soviet envoy is hastening to the U.S. to urge the cessation of all nuclear testing so that the Communists can gain time to recoup their losses.

No doubt any resemblance between this drama and the one currently going on at Geneva, where U.S. and Soviet officials are seeking to halt nuclear tests, is purely coincidental. Curiously, though, there was a resemblance between the televised drama and an incident recorded in Chapter 19 of Admiral Zacharias's book. There we learn of an atomic accident in the Soviet Union which was reported to the admiral by "a high-ranking Scandinavian" and in which "premature explosion resulted in the killing of hundreds of bystanders, including some of the leading Soviet scientists assigned to the project. Additional thousands were killed or maimed in remoter areas." Toward the end of the chapter, Admiral Zacharias explained, with the assistance of his files and his top-level experience, that "the U.S.S.R. still has a long way to go before it will have effective atomic weapons in sufficient numbers."

The admiral's book, incidentally, was published by Putnam's in 1950,

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Demon whine, moonshine,
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And a million bucks for a gangster.

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What've you got?
Dull throb, dazed slob,
Low hum, lower bum,
Pop tune, big goon,
Young punk, old drunk,
Spent nights, colored lights,
And a million bucks for a gangster.

—Sec

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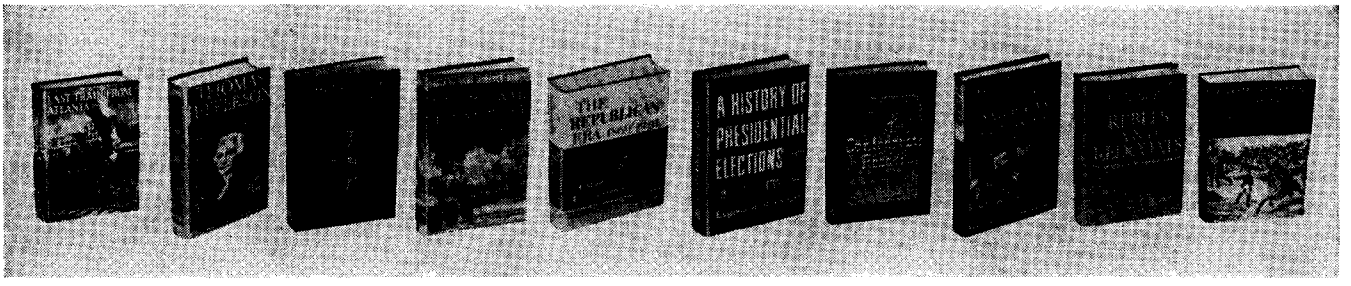

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A few days after "The Forgotten People" by Paul Jacobs appeared in our issue of January 22, the National Advisory Committee on Farm Labor held public hearings in Washington to discuss the broad subject of the article—the exploitation of migrant farm labor. The best report we have seen on the two-day meeting was Edward P. Morgan's ABC broadcast February 6.

THE FORGOTTEN PEOPLE—CONTINUED

EDWARD P. MORGAN

The forgotten people of America's labor force, the hired hands, have been having their day in Washington. The sad, stark lines of the migrant workers' plight have been sharply etched. Will the picture force the national conscience into action? Entangled in this problem, like baling wire caught by a hay-cutting machine, is the welfare not only of 2½ million souls, more or less, but the welfare of the country and of a whole region of the American continent.

One of the hearing witnesses was a slight, wiry fellow from Modesto, California, named Delmer Berg, aged forty-three. He had been a farm hand so long he couldn't remember whether he was six or eight when he started milking cows. When the Army picked him and thousands of other hired men for the Second World War, the government helped farmers import foreign hands. They were mostly Mexicans but they also came from the Caribbean, from Jamaica, the Bahamas, and elsewhere. After the war, Berg averaged maybe $2,400 a year pruning peach trees, thinning beets, picking tomatoes. But machines replaced many jobs. And Berg had to compete with "braceros" half his age contracted at low wages under a U.S.-Mexican government agreement.

The foreign labor pool didn't end when the war did. Growers liked it. They need a mobile, flexible force for many crops. Mexico liked it. Some 460,000 braceros worked U.S. harvests in 1958. The program earned Mexico more dollars than anything except tourism. It has become important to the economies of the British West Indies. It has eased unemployment in the Bahamas.

But it has produced some bitter by-products. In Nassau, the Bay Street crowd—the oligarchy—happily sent Bahamians off to Florida, then turned around and welcomed Haitians at a lower scale despite the unemployment problem. When American Virgin Islanders went off to mainland jobs, British Virgin Islanders took theirs at cheaper wages. The Mexican program had standards and some government control, and British West Indies officials have policed their contracts with vigilance; but the Bahamians, under virtually no Federal regulation, have been so ruthlessly exploited—as reflected in the expose of conditions in such orchards as those of Virginia's Senator Byrd—that it has provoked the crack: "They used to buy slaves. Now they rent them."

What has evolved is a captive labor force of half a million for whom minimal standards have been set too low for the two million domestic American migrants whose wages and working conditions are already completely unprotected. This dreary discrepancy is blamed, largely, on an unbalanced emphasis: The Labor Department's basic objective—not only in this administration—has been to protect the growers from crop failure, rather than protect workers, foreign or domestic, from exploitation.

There may be need for a small imported labor force for farms, but surely there can be a phased reduction from half a million.

Labor Secretary Mitchell's plea that most of the responsibility is up to the states seems to be heavily outweighed by testimony from one of his own top field experts, Daniel Goldy, now on leave to the state of New Jersey as a labor co-ordinator. The U.S. government, Goldy said, pays all the costs of the Federal-state employment-service program. To use it, a state must agree to standards set by the Labor Department. If those standards were spelled out—which they have not been—a state could be denied the employment service. Secretary Mitchell himself endorsed a Federal minimum wage for agriculture as a basic remedy.

Many farmers will call this the end of the world. But it won't be. Not long ago, a Federal official asked a grower what he would do if he had no foreign labor supply. "We'd have to pay more for domestic help," he replied. "We'd holler, but we'd do it."

and the reassuring episode it refers to was supposed to have taken place not just a few months ago, as the drama implied, but in 1948.

These Things Were Said

¶ Q. We read in the papers all about the nuclear age. Are you fearful of our future? Do you think we're going to be destroyed?

A. What difference does it make?

Q. Does it make no difference?

A. No.

—*Interview with ninety-one-year-old Senator Theodore Green, until recently chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, in* U.S. News & World Report.

¶ The ultimate dream in telephone service [was] once described by Harold S. Osborne, former chief engineer of A.T.&T.: "Whenever a baby is born anywhere in the world, he is given at birth a telephone number for life. As soon as he can talk, he is given a watchlike device with ten little buttons on one side and a screen on the other. When he wishes to talk with anyone in the world, he will pull out the device and punch on the keys the number. Then, turning the device over, he will hear the voice of his friend and see his face on the screen, in color and in three dimensions. If he does not see him and hear him, he will know that his friend is dead."—*Time.*

¶ President Eisenhower's statement at a news conference Jan. 28 that an informal Khrushchev visit like that by Mr. Mikoyan was impossible was "indeed an unexpected deduction," Mr. Khrushchev remarked.

"It is something very close to discrimination," he declared.—*Report in the New York* Times.

¶ [Mrs. Rockefeller's] sewing a label for Dubinsky after the old man gets elected to be a Republican Governor of the glorious old Empire State. I was never so disgusted in my life.... When a guy gets elected to be a Republican Governor after this I want to know first what kind of a wife she is and if she runs with Dubinsky, I would say, Mama, come here, I want to straighten you out about something. And I would slap her lopsided and lock her up in her room, bread and water for a week. A man has got to be their own man in this world.—*Westbrook Pegler.*

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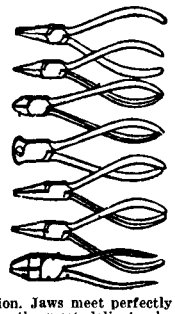

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HARLEM SCHOOL TROUBLE

To the Editors: Marya Mannes's article "School Trouble in Harlem," in your February 5 issue, is the most understanding and sensitive treatment of this very complex topic I have read. I say this as one closely associated for some years with the problems of *de facto* segregation and equality of educational opportunity in New York public schools.

I was particularly impressed with her conclusion that this was an issue in which no one could win, if it were inexorably pressed to a conclusion rather than settled by agreement.

RICHARD L. PLAUT, President
National Scholarship Service
and Fund for Negro Students
New York

To the Editors: Max Ascoli's editorial "The Bonds Shall Not Break" did not come to the same conclusion that I did after reading Marya Mannes's article. As the Negro leaders point out, the problem is one of motivation. I do not believe that the board of education of any city can increase motivation; it must come from the home background of the student.

In Atlanta almost the same situation exists, but the schools are not the cause of an inferior education for Negro students. The Negro and the Jew have always been persecuted minorities, but the attitude in the homes toward education has been the motivating force for the Jewish students, not the schools.

We of the white race must not blame the schools but rather ourselves for the Negro students' lack of motivation. Not until we have wiped away the last barriers of discrimination can we blame the lack of motivation of Negro students on their own inertia.

JOHN N. FAIN
Atlanta

To the Editors: Miss Mannes's article is excellent as respects objectivity, tone, and temper. But I believe the statement that "almost three-quarters of the city's 639 elementary and junior high schools were almost exclusively attended by nonwhite and Puerto Rican pupils" is incorrect. A correct statement would be "almost one-third" and I believe it would be more accurate to say "predominantly" rather than "almost exclusively."

WILLIAM B. NICHOLS, President
Public Education Association
New York

[*Mr. Nichols is correct. The error has been traced back to a highly ambiguous passage in "The Quality of Education Offered to Majority and Minority Children in New York City's Schools," an official report cited in Miss Mannes's article. The sentence reads: "Of the City's 639 elementary and junior high schools 445, or seventy-one per cent, are located in such neighborhoods that they are attended either almost exclusively (ninety per cent or more) by non-white and Puerto Rican children, or have only a sprinkling of these two ethnic groups (ten per cent or less)."*]

To the Editors: I have followed Miss Mannes's work in various areas with great interest and admiration. Now that she has written such a superb piece on school trouble in Harlem for *The Reporter,* I must express that admiration, for, having worked in this area myself, I know how difficult it is to weigh one's words and to dig out the facts.

AGNES E. MEYER
Washington

To the Editors: The Commission on Mass Communications of the National Conference of Christians and Jews is happy to inform you that *The Reporter* magazine, for the article "The Murder of In Ho Oh" by Marya Mannes (issue of June 26, 1958), has been awarded the Certificate of Recognition in the National Brotherhood Media Award Competition.

JOHN P. HUDAK, Director
New York

CUBA

To the Editors: As a loud-mouthed, ignorant business traveler to Latin America since 1954, and to Cuba in September-October 1958, I read Karl E. Meyer's appraisal of the Cuban situation ("Who Won What in Cuba?," *The Reporter,* February 5) with much interest and approbation. I think, however, that the time has now come for someone to speak up in defense of the State Department's "melancholy posture of embarrassment" in the aftermath of this and other successful Latin-American revolts:

¶ It has never been a diplomat's function to "sell" his country to his host, official or otherwise. His function is to protect his country's commercial interests abroad, to defend and assist his fellow citizens abroad, to keep the Executive informed, and to keep his nose out of politics. He properly leaves the selling job to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, to Hollywood, and to *Life en Español,* who shoulder that burden with varying degrees of presumption.

¶ Extreme peril to a diplomat's career derives from public or private endorsement of indigenous political movements. Recent diplomatic history provides several equally melancholy examples of diplomats who recommended support for the "reformers" of China. Only re-

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cently has our press corps, hastily adjusting its trousers, absolved the Castro movement of Communistic proclivities. In this uncertain political setting, the State Department's attitude of circumspection to the point of paralysis should be evaluated. This kind of prudence is Senator McCarthy's legacy.

¶ As if all this weren't enough to befuddle our diplomat, there remains the complimentary but confounding charge of Hitchcockesque espionage and subterfuge in the 1954 Guatemala coup. When this matter was taken up by the dead-earnest sets from Buenos Aires to Kabul, it must have been decided in a tense group-think pipe-smoker that the diplomatic rulebooks vis-à-vis Latin America would be followed to the letter.

What the State Department and the Foreign Service need are more skin divers, polo players, and golfers; such types have the great virtue of being considered numskulls by reporters who can then feel free to handle our foreign affairs on a "people to people" basis, with quarterbacking from cloistered geniuses like J. Alsop, W. Lippmann, E. Sevareid, C. Huntley, E. Murrow, and the waiting host of intellectuals free of operational responsibility.

PAUL A. O'BRIEN
Landisville, Pennsylvania

Mr. Meyer replies:

I could not agree more with Mr. O'Brien's strictures on the role of a diplomat; clearly his function is to protect his country's interests and "to keep his nose out of politics." The complaint made about our former ambassador to Cuba, Earl E. T. Smith, is that he jeopardized his country's interest by sticking his nose into politics.

Surely Mr. O'Brien would question the prudence of a diplomat in Havana who made repeated and not-so-private references to his distaste for Castro's rebels—especially since there was a fair chance the rebels might win.

The post in Havana during the civil war called for the skills of a seasoned career diplomat, familiar with Latin America and able to hew to the line of strict neutrality set in Washington. However admirable Mr. Smith's skills as a Republican fund raiser, sportsman, and financier, his Cuban tour required different talents. It may be meddlesome for the American press to point this out, but that is one of the drawbacks of democracy which leaders like Batista have tried to correct.

To the Editors: As an Argentine citizen who has seen the center of Buenos Aires bombed by Sherman tanks, I would like to make one suggestion: suspend supplies of armament to any country, especially in Latin America, whose government does not concede the democratic liberties of political opposition, of free speech, and of free press.

KURT F. J. HEINRICH
Wilmington, Delaware

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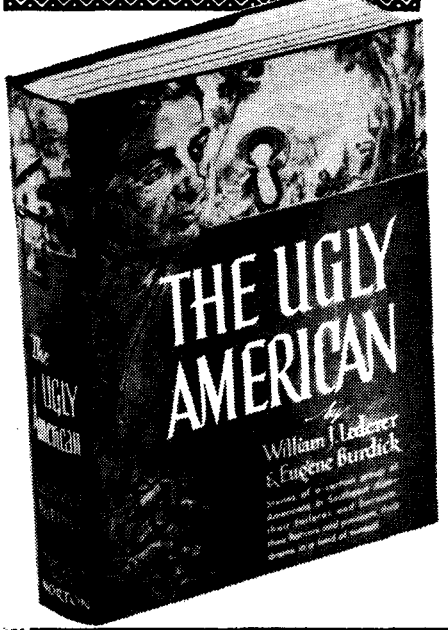

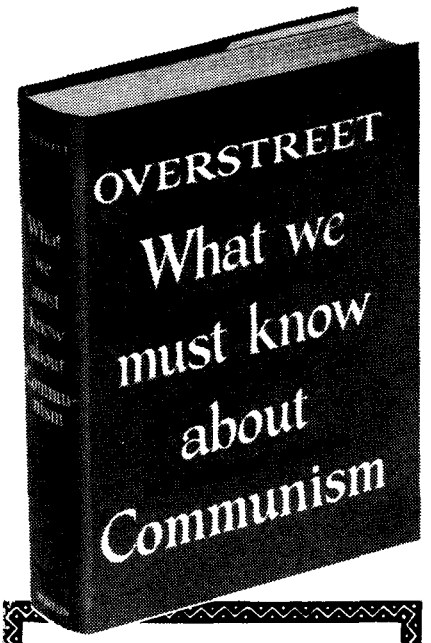

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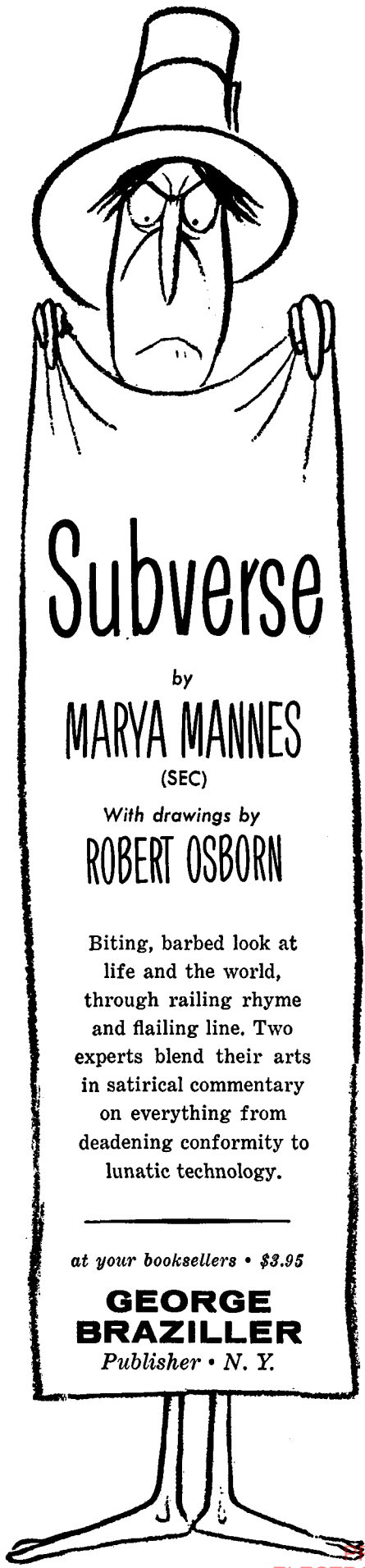
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WHO– WHAT– WHY–

IT WAS a favorite Stevenson saying during the 1952 campaign that the Republican Party was a "two-headed elephant." But now, there is the danger that the Democratic Party too will find itself the victim of dicephalism, with one head feeding from the Congressional manger while the other stares hungrily at the White House. **Sidney Hyman** tells us that this highly abnormal condition may even prove lasting, and he also tells us what a number of anxious Democrats are doing about it. Mr. Hyman's book *The American President* (1954) has evidently been read by the top Washington correspondents, and by a large number of other people besides. He lives in Washington, where he is a close student of the anatomy of American politics.

Douglass Cater, our Washington editor, applies himself to the study of human nature in his article on Hubert Humphrey. His portrait of Mr. Humphrey explores the many aspects of that versatile, voluble, and valuable man.

THE TWO ARTICLES by **Gordon Shepherd** and **Robert C. North** report on travels to Russia's sensitive borders in Europe and Asia. Mr. Shepherd is a staff correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, based in central and southeastern Europe. His latest article in *The Reporter* (January 8, 1959) was "Tito Builds a Church in Macedonia." Mr. North is an associate professor of political science at Stanford University. He has traveled widely in the Soviet Union, and is the author of *Moscow and the Chinese Communists*, as well as of other studies of Communism in the Far East.

Captain Mel Logan has logged more than sixteen thousand commercial air hours, most of them as a transcontinental pilot with one of our major airlines. As western regional air-safety chairman of the Air Line Pilots Association, representing all commercial pilots flying the eleven Western states, he is among the United States' foremost pilot experts on air safety and airspace problems. . . . **Donald William Dresden,** a former member of the Air Force, is a free-lance writer living in Washington. He is a former staff writer for the New York *Times Magazine*.

Henry A. Kissinger is associate director of the Center for International Affairs at Harvard, and the author of *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*. His article in this issue is the first of a series of *Reporter* Essays on the actual working of our institutions.

Margaret Gibbs, who has previously published fiction in "little" magazines, says that this is her first attempt at relating an actual experience, and her first appearance in a national magazine. . . . **William A. Peters,** who comments on Irving Kristol's review (in the February 5, 1959, *Reporter*) of Eugene Kinkead's book *In Every War but One,* is a free-lance writer who has reported on the experiences of many ex-POWs for various national magazines. His book *The Southern Temper* will be published this spring by Doubleday. . . . **Steven Marcus** teaches English at Columbia. *The Inmost Leaf*, by **Alfred Kazin,** published originally by Harcourt, Brace, is being issued in paperback by Noonday Press. . . . **Norman Podhoretz** is a frequent contributor to our book-review section. . . . **William Lee Miller,** a *Reporter* staff writer, is also assistant professor in the Department of Social Ethics at the Yale Divinity School.

Our cover, an impression of Washington, is by **Don Higgins.**

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The Ordeal of Mr. Dulles

It is right that the attention of the nation be riveted on Secretary Dulles and that so many shudder at the prospect that a merciless illness may compel him to relinquish his high office. For we see now the conclusive and tragic evidence that the Eisenhower era is over—nearly two years before the President's term of office expires.

Of all the members of the administration, no one has been as vigorous or resourceful as Secretary Dulles. The cycle that started in the fall of 1955 when the President suffered his heart attack is now about complete. The gap has been ever widening between the Executive's constitutional duty to govern and its capacity to live up to this mandate. Truly Mr. Dulles's ordeal is that of the whole nation.

In 1952 it was as if the country had felt an overwhelming need to skip the elections and have them too. With the Korean War still on and the power of Russia ever mounting, it seemed unsafe if not reckless to entrust the nation to the lottery of party politics—at least as far as the Executive was concerned. There was no better symbol of national and inter-Allied unity than Dwight D. Eisenhower. In fact, even the Presidential candidate whom the Democratic Party nominated in 1952 and renominated in 1956 was a man with little taste for politics and a strong inclination toward a bipartisan or suprapartisan approach to the major problems of the nation.

While the not overdemanding functions of being a symbol of national unity were leisurely assumed by the President, actual power in his administration was taken over by John Foster Dulles to a degree and with a thoroughness that only now—when the burden has become too much for him—the nation is made to face.

For this man Dulles is truly an astonishing human being. He continued the bipartisan foreign policy, to which he had been trained during the previous Democratic administrations, without any other innovation than a blatant disrespect for the party out of power. It is not in his nature to take other people into his confidence even when they happen to belong to his own party or to the administration. Working among men whose capacity to perceive reality and act upon it has been nearly paralyzed by group thinking, he reserved his deliberative process strictly to himself, consulting and trusting practically nobody. He has been endowed with a deep religious sense, and he showed it well before the era when religiosity was made compulsory; yet few men in our times have contributed more to debase religious values by translating them into slogans. That religion has played an unusually large role in his life there can be no doubt, just as there can be little doubt that from this he has derived the right to grant indulgences to himself.

He has been exasperatingly devious in his approach to the public and to the Allies, but even his deviousness has not beclouded his clarity of expression. Rather, his mastery of language and of the rational process has led him to indulge in the coining of dazzling phrases that played the role of new policies, alarmed friends or foes, and expressed nothing. The perpetual motion of his body and of his mind succeeded in hiding the fixity of his position. Now that the constant buzzing has stopped, the silence is nearly unbearable.

Not only his few admirers but his many critics feel it. It had become natural to assume that all one had to do to prove his political wisdom was to criticize Dulles. Truly the provocations he incessantly gave were compelling—and we know whereof we speak. But certainly denouncing Dulles has been habit-forming. Now some of those who have been most insistently saying that the country could not go on with Dulles have been heard to say most emphatically that no matter how little is left of him, the conduct of the nation's foreign affairs cannot be entrusted to anyone else.

All this is preposterous. Can the country afford to have not only a part-time President but also a part-time Secretary of State, particularly when we consider that the Secretary of State had succeeded in wielding the major power in the nation? Unquestionably we are in a period of interregnum: the Eisenhower era of escape from politics for partisan benefit has come to an end. But the nation is still strong, and perhaps there is no greater proof of its strength than the fact that it has survived this era. The Constitution forbids Congress, or anyone in Congress, to take over the caretaking job. But there are good men around with tested knowledge of foreign affairs who can legitimately be entrusted with the major responsibility of state—General Gruenther, to mention only one.

To John Foster Dulles goes our sympathy, and not only because of the hard blow that destiny has dealt him. This self-centered, overly energetic intellectual has always been immensely different from the other members of the team. We wish him well both for the span of life that is left him and for the judgment that history will pass on him. But our concern is for the nation.

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Can a Democrat Win in '60?

SIDNEY HYMAN

During the Eisenhower years, in the face of two disastrous Presidential elections, the Democratic Party continued to demonstrate a remarkable capacity for winning Congressional campaigns. Yet this is not as hopeful a Democratic sign as one might suppose: the same play of local and sectional forces which points to further Democratic Congressional victories can also lead to a 1960 Democratic Presidential defeat. This could easily be the case if the 1960 Republican nominating convention offered a new version of the 1952 Eisenhower story by picking a man like Nelson Rockefeller—a fresh figure with a strong personal appeal, standing above the sodden institutional mechanism of the Republican Congressional party, who could offer his own person as a symbol around which millions of voters, especially independents, could rally.

The Democratic difficulty arises from the fact that when a party lacks a Presidential voice speaking to the nation, its role and record in Congress have an inherent tendency to embarrass that same party's bid for the Presidency. Its Congressional leaders may be willing to help out in their party's drive for the White House—up to a point. But the Congressional authority and power of these leaders, no matter how well entrenched and skillfully used, are not of a nature that can be felt by the nation as a whole, and in many cases are resented by it. The composite picture of the nation's constituencies is different from the image of itself that the electorate yearns to see in the White House.

The Constituency First

Because of the fact that many Congressional districts have been gerrymandered by rural-dominated state legislatures, rural areas are over-represented in the House. In the Senate, because of the Constitutional equality of state representation, the same imbalance is also marked. The legislation thus produced would not so often be at variance with the needs of the great population centers if Congress were organized along strict party lines, drawn around a coherent program that party members were bound to support. Instead, Congress is but an assembly of individuals who coalesce and break away from each other on specific issues, as in a perpetual Virginia reel danced to the tune of local and sectional interests.

The accent on the local and the sectional is all the more possible because Congress but rarely sits as a committee of the whole to stage an open and full-scale debate where individual and party positions might be more clearly seen. It moves toward its legislation through a complex maze of nearly three hundred committees and subcommittees, whose chairmen have inordinate personal power to influence legislation in the direction of their own local needs. Besides, the committee chairmen are raised to their places by the automatic leverage of the seniority rule. Since the fact of unbroken tenure generally means that the chairman comes from a stable constituency with a fixed outlook, what he does tends naturally to be out of phase with the strong tides of opinion that so often ebb and flow through the more heterogeneous and dynamic urban centers.

This is eminently true of the Southern Democrats with their near monopoly of the chairmanships of the major legislative committees and subcommittees. There are distinguished exceptions. Those who are most directly concerned with problems of foreign policy and national security have an angle of vision as wide as any to be found among American public men. On the domestic front, others have been responsible for lasting national reforms. But what happens most frequently is that the legislation many Southern committee chairmen tend to push or block among various items on the nation's domestic agenda depends on whether those items coincide with or are at variance with their own purely local needs. In fact, they will often sacrifice preferred places on the great committees dealing with foreign policy and national security in order to serve on committees where the work done can more readily be given a distinctive local application.

This is not to say that Northern Democrats in Congress are a wholly different political breed. But it just so happens that the advantages of

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effective power, derived from the institutional mechanism of Congress, are on the side of the Southerners.

Moreover, since they know that men from their section have been barred from the Presidency for almost a hundred years, regardless of personal talent, they may well ask themselves why they should fight to install a Democrat in the White House when *they* cannot be that Democrat—and when the waging of such a fight might imperil their local position.

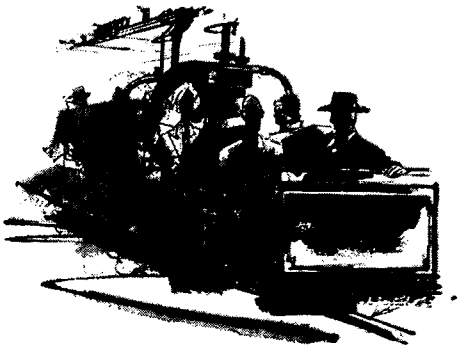
SOME WILL nevertheless fight for a Democratic Presidential victory for a variety of sentimental, patriotic, and purely material motives. But others seem to feel that the best of both worlds can be had by applying a statesmanlike policy of moderation. In essence this policy means, first, that the Northern Democrats shall provide the margin of seats the party needs to organize the committees of Congress; and second, that the opposition party shall control the White House. Let this division of roles endure, and the Southerners can turn their committee chairmanships into a species of that Executive power they cannot directly aspire to. They can also spare themselves any unpleasant pressure from a President of their own party, who in all likelihood would be a Northern Democrat, peculiarly responsive to the sentiments in the North's population centers—where Presidential elections are decided.

Thus on the one side, the Northern Democrat who denies the Southerner access to the Presidency tends thereby to make Congress the special province of the Southern Democrat. On the other side, the winning of the White House becomes the transcendent aim of Northern Democratic politics. And there, precisely, is the 1960 rub.

The non-Congressional Northern Democrat, particularly if he is a Presidential hopeful, faces the difficulty that so long as the Democratic Party does not control the White House, the party voice must invariably appear to be the voice of its Congressional hierarchs. He can escape being identified with the limitations of the party's Congressional record only by a politics which contradicts that very record.

Thus, in one place after another, Northern Democrats won their victories last fall by pledging themselves to support domestic policies that had been opposed or even defeated outright by the cloakroom work of the party's Congressional hierarchs. In fact, many of the victors—particularly the senatorial ones—privately admit that they would have lost their contests but for the fact that their Northern Republican opponents were inept at campaigning, or were for some reason driven to impale themselves on irrelevant dogmas.

To be sure, the loose structure of American political parties—corresponding to the divided structure of the Federal government and the territorial division of Congress, not to mention that among the states—allows and even forces a resort to solo politics. Yet even as Northern Democrats won elections, they helped to befog what their national party



is, and unwittingly contributed to the view common among voters of the urban North that in a national sense there is no real difference between the Republican and Democratic Parties—that after all it is the man who makes the difference. In this way, they joined Southern Democrats in nudging the Presidential prize within closer reach of a Republican who stands outside Congress and the institutional mechanism of his party, and who has the personal attractiveness and wit to make himself a symbol around which the urban North can rally.

Aftermath and Device

In these circumstances, how can Democrats acquire the distinctive national identity and the coherent national voice they need to win the Presidency in 1960? While respecting the need for pragmatic flexibility at the state and local level, is it possible to make over a national party so that it will have a program that is more than an amalgam of national shibboleths?

In point of fact, influential Democrats outside Congress first raised these questions, and advanced a provisional answer, as far back as 1956. In the immediate aftermath of the Presidential defeat, the Democratic Congressional leadership, heading a new majority, seemed all the more at liberty to speak and act for the party nationally. To be sure, from a "legal" standpoint, the Democratic National Committee had a far stronger claim to the role. Still, with the record of the past as a guide, the Congressional leadership had no reason to expect a challenge from the National Committee.

THE SURPRISE came on November 27, 1956. On that day, the Executive Committee of the Democratic National Committee met in Washington at the call of Chairman Paul Butler to survey the wreckage of the Presidential election and to decide where and how to rebuild for the contest four years away. In the upshot, the main decision took the form of a new political device, now known as the Democratic Advisory Council.

The basic draft of the resolution providing for the new body represented a collaboration between Philip Perlman, the former Solicitor General of the United States, and Clayton Fritchey, then the deputy chairman of the Democratic National Committee. But the actual work of bringing the Council to birth is generally credited to four other powerfully placed men.

First there was Paul Ziffren, California's national committeeman and a representative on the Executive Committee of the new Western Democratic Conference. Ziffren was then engaged in trying to rebuild California's Democratic Party. Since this task depended for its success on the zeal of volunteer workers and the voters they could win over, he had reason to fear that both were being alienated by the fact that their attitudes were not reflected in the work done by the Democratic Congressional leaders. What he wanted was a na-

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tional party organ that could formulate and advance the kinds of policies Californians and others on the West Coast would respond to.

Next there was David L. Lawrence, then mayor of Pittsburgh and now governor of Pennsylvania—besides being Pennsylvania's national committeeman and a representative on the Executive Committee of the Middle Atlantic bloc of states. Since the people for whom he spoke shared many of California's political attitudes, arising from a common concern with the problems of urban growth, Lawrence was Ziffren's natural ally. He did not see how the Middle Atlantic bloc of states could be won for the Democrats in a Presidential election, or even how the Democrats there could win major state elections, if all that the local parties had for a standard of performance was the rural-dominated Democratic Congressional record.

After Lawrence came Colonel Jacob M. Arvey, the national committeeman from Illinois, a representative on the Executive Committee of the Midwestern bloc of state organizations, and in both 1952 and 1956 a strong supporter of Adlai Stevenson. His main service was to backstop Ziffren and Lawrence.

Finally, and decisively in terms of results, there was Adlai Stevenson. Despite his defeat in 1956, he was of all men the least inclined to place the principal blame on the performance of the Democratic Congressional leadership since 1953. On the contrary, he sympathized with the institutional problems that defined the limits of what men like Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senator Lyndon Johnson could do; and he was ready to pay them due respect for what they had nevertheless achieved. Still, in the aftermath of election day, he felt it had been hopeless to try to win a Presidential election in a two-month sprint, especially when the mass-communication media were dominated by the Republicans. The Democratic Party could win the White House again only if the ground were prepared on a broad national front by years of intensive work. To direct that work, a new arm of the national party had to be created.

As that new arm, the Democratic Advisory Council went through a troubled evolutionary growth. The core of the Council was meant to be the fourteen members of the Executive Committee of the Democratic National Committee—so as to maintain a "legal" link with the delegates to the previous convention. To the Executive Committee, there would be added, by appointment of Chairman Paul Butler, a number of Northern and Southern Congressional leaders, governors, mayors, and "other outstanding Democrats." But when the Congressional leaders were approached with invitations to serve, Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senator Lyndon Johnson declined, and went on to line up the rest of the party's Congressional leadership against the mere idea of the Council. News of this underlay the rash of stories printed in December, 1956, and January, 1957, to the effect that the Council was stillborn.

Premature Obituaries

The Council survived these obituary notices only to face a new danger from Southern quarters. All non-Congressional Southern officials who had been asked to serve refused the invitation, with the result that the Council seemed all the more the voice of the urban North. The South would still be represented on it, by virtue of its members who belonged to the Executive Committee of the Democratic National Committee. Yet as they would have none of the institutional advantages that prevailed in the Congressional forum, it was obvious that the Southern national committeemen as a whole would move to kill off what they could not dominate. It was equally obvious that the effort to do this would be made when the Democratic National Committee's full membership met in San Francisco in mid-February, 1957.

When the anticipated clash did in fact occur, the Southerners were badly beaten. Not only was the existence of the Council approved, but in a concurrent act the national committeemen formally vested the Council with the right to formulate party policy on public issues until the 1960 convention.

Currently this means a right vested in the twenty-four members of the Advisory Council. They are Chairman Paul Butler, the fourteen members of the Executive Committee of the Democratic National Committee, plus the following appointed members: former President Harry S. Truman, Adlai Stevenson, Senators Estes Kefauver and Hubert Humphrey, Governors G. Mennen Williams of Michigan and Stephen McNichols of Colorado, Mayor Raymond R. Tucker of St. Louis, and former Governor W. Averell Harriman and former Senator Herbert Lehman of New York. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt had been invited from the start to be a member, but felt that in view of her newspaper contracts she could only serve as a consultant, and is now the only person having that status. New appointments, representing infusions of new blood from the ranks of Democratic governors, are said to be imminent.

Back in mid-February 1957, it was one thing to have survived the

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opposition of Democratic Congressional leaders and then of the Southern Democratic national committeemen; it was quite another thing for the Council to justify its right to continued existence. A steering committee had been appointed by Chairman Butler to attend to such matters as working procedures, staff, funds, and regular lines of communication with the centers of intellectual ferment among the nation's Democrats. In this, material support came from Charles Murphy, who had been President Truman's counsel and now served the Advisory Council as its legal aide. But the problems to be solved were so novel, and they required the settlement of so many jurisdictional questions involving touchy personal and factional interests, that the Council did not settle down to its job until the late fall of 1957.

A START in this direction was made in April, 1957, when the Council acquired an executive director. This was Charles Tyroler II, a man with broad governmental and political experience. But the Council still needed an administrative committee to back up the day-to-day decisions Tyroler had to make amid a whirlpool of clashing policy perspectives and of personalities more used to governing than to being governed. In May such a committee was formed, consisting of Paul Butler, Philip Perlman, and Thomas K. Finletter.

In the fall of 1957, with most of the institutional problems in hand (though not firmly so even to this day), the Council came into its own in an hour when the nation suffered the double shock of the school crisis in Little Rock and the firing of the first Soviet Sputnik. Congress was not in session at the time, and its Democratic leadership was at scattered points remote from Washington. Thus, accidentally, the Council had a clear field to speak for the Democratic Party nationally on two matters at the focus of national attention. What it had to say about Little Rock and the Sputnik was treated by the press for the first time as the national policy voice of the Democrats. It has been treated that way ever since.

Also in the fall of 1957, the Council for the first time could draw on expert advice from two policy committees that had acquired a full complement of members. One was the committee on foreign policy, with former Secretary of State Dean Acheson as chairman and Paul H. Nitze, formerly head of the State Department's policy planning staff, as vice-chairman. Mr. Acheson is the dominant figure here, not alone because of the prestige carried over from his career at the head of the State Department but because he works harder and concentrates more on the problems of foreign affairs than do his colleagues. Up to a third of all the policy statements

the Council has issued since he assumed the chairmanship of the foreign-policy committee stem from his initiative, many of them directly from his pen.

The second of the major committees is the one on economic policy with Professor John Kenneth Galbraith as chairman; its vice-chairman is John I. Snyder, chairman and president of U.S. Industries, Inc., of New York City. Another influential member is the economist Leon Keyserling. The net result of the work of this committee has been to make the Council an early leader in stressing the need for, and the implications of, sustained economic growth. A recent if still tentative convert to the Council's fiscal views is Senator Lyndon Johnson.

WHAT DOES this all add up to? The Council has been fully operative for only eighteen months. What it can do in national terms between now and the summer of 1960 is still problematical. It cannot, at this stage, swing its combined weight behind any single prospective candidate for the 1960 Democratic nomination, so that his build-up can start at once. The price of trying to do this might produce an internal dissension that would be fatal to the Council.

For the moment at least, the prevailing view leans in a negative direction. Specifically, the Council members are said to be opposed to the Presidential nomination of either Senator John Kennedy or Senator Lyndon Johnson. On the other side, the most that can be said is that the Council members would support any one of several men—Senators Hubert Humphrey and Stuart Symington, or Adlai Stevenson.

Two Parties, Two Wings

Meanwhile, a number of positive achievements are credited to the Council. Its policy statements were effectively used by party leaders in the urban North to win over voters in the last election. At the same time, the Council has been an effective critic of the Eisenhower administration. It has brought about at least some shifts of direction in the Democratic Congressional leadership. Increasing numbers of young congressmen from the North look to it for materials that can be used on the floor. It also provides a front-page rostrum from which many Democrats with broad experience in public affairs, but not now in any branch of the government, can speak to the nation and be heard. Finally, if imitation is the highest form of flattery, the strongest endorsement of the Democratic Advisory Council comes from the Republican National Committee. At its recent Des Moines meeting, the Republicans openly discussed setting up their own equivalent.

If this happens, it will be because an institution like the Council has its real origin and its real significance in a fact common to both the Republican and the Democratic Parties. The fact is that each party is internally divided along lines corresponding to the governmental division between Congress and the Presidency. Thus each party has a

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"Congressional wing," with a gravitational center in the legislature and with a behavior pattern oriented to winning the seats to be had there. Each party also has a "Presidential wing," which finds its gravitational center in the national nominating convention, and with a behavior pattern oriented toward winning the White House.

As between these two, an institution like the Council is, at bottom, the creature and servant of the Presidential wing. It had a short-lived predecessor in 1919-1920, and within the ranks of the Republican Party at that. But if it should prove to have re-emerged in much stronger force at this hour in American party history, the reason must surely be the ever-increasing importance of the Presidency in the whole scheme of our government—and the increasing importance of controlling the Presidency to get any sort of government at all. And if it should appear to be the voice of the urban North, it is because in the national nominating convention the Southerners are in a minority.

AS THINGS NOW STAND, the members of the Democratic Advisory Council will personally lead or be the dominant figures among state delegations that have in the aggregate somewhere between 500 and 600 delegate votes—or enough to nominate in the convention. Since these same men have been writing the 1960 platform for some months now—the Council's policy statements are really the planks in that platform—it is inconceivable that they will allow the Presidential nomination to go to any Democrat who does not embrace their platform. For a platform to be composed so painstakingly and so far in advance of the convention is unprecedented in American party history. Yet platforms do not win Presidential elections. Will the Council succeed, in spite of the sectional interests it has antagonized, in designating the man who can win first the nomination and then the election?

What Makes Humphrey Run

DOUGLASS CATER

TWICE in a little more than a decade Hubert Horatio Humphrey, a zealous but by no means reckless politician, has commanded national attention by seemingly brash acts. At the Democratic convention in 1948; when he first entered the national political arena, his eloquent appeal for a stronger civil-rights plank stirred the delegates to acceptance, set off the Dixiecrat revolt, caused much headshaking among the party elders, and incidentally helped win the elections that fall.

Last December, his long interview with Premier Khrushchev looked like an equally incautious move for a man of Humphrey's ambitions. Nobody understood better than Humphrey himself that the Kremlin was not a very likely place from which to launch a campaign for the Presidency. By his own testimony, he realized, even as he responded to the hasty summons to meet with Khrushchev, that it posed serious risks for an American politician. After the eight hours of rambling colloquy between the two men, both compulsive talkers, Humphrey knew that he had a delicate reporting job to do. To take the easy way and denounce Khrushchev ("I have seen the Communist dictators and I know how bad they are") might cause the cancellation of further informal exchanges between American and Soviet leaders, and he believes such exchanges can be of great value. On the other hand, by reporting more candidly and objectively he would run risks at home.

Humphrey chose the latter course and suffered the consequences. *Human Events*, a house organ for the extreme Right, concluded darkly, "The 'liberal' Democrats, triumphant in the recent election, have their Kremlin-blessed candidate." James Hagerty publicly belittled the value of the information Humphrey transmitted to President Eisenhower. (Privately, top U.S. intelligence officials did not share Hagerty's attitude.) Many Democrats remained skeptical. Mr. Truman voiced doubt about the wisdom of "diplomatic tourists" having conversations with Soviet leaders. Another elder statesman told Humphrey: "You have been in the lion's den and described the lion for us. But, Hubert, we already knew there was a lion in there."

In a way it was a relief for Humphrey when Khrushchev himself joined the critics, telling the Communist Party Congress in February that it was "laughable to suppose I could have confidential relations with a man who boasted of his twenty-year-long fight against Communists." In a way, too, there was regret. Humphrey, in his restrained reply, recognized that he must have "touched a very sensitive political nerve." By his overabundant reporting, he had somewhat disregarded the constraints that even a self-appointed diplomat must impose on himself.

A less irrepressible man than Humphrey might have been chastened by all these reactions. The senator from Minnesota has not been. He was fascinated by the chance to take the measure of the top Soviet leader, and came away impressed by Khrushchev's vigor. Though Humphrey doubts that the interview will be long remembered in the phantasmagorical procession of news events, he hopes his willingness to confront the

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Communists with an equal display of vigor will not prove a political liability.

THERE ARE a good many who, not pretending to understand what makes Hubert Humphrey run, are amazed by the pace and stamina he has displayed since he arrived in Washington ten years ago, aged thirty-seven, exhibiting unlimited self-confidence and apparently unmindful of the strict house rules of the club he was entering. Today, neither the man nor his manners have altered radically. Yet, as the Senate's unofficial biographer, William S. White, has pointed out, Humphrey is now a solid member of the Inner Club. He sits on the Senate Democratic Policy Committee, is fourth-ranking Democrat on Foreign Relations, and has close working ties as well as personal friendship with Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson—which, it can be said, is testimony to the political astuteness of both.

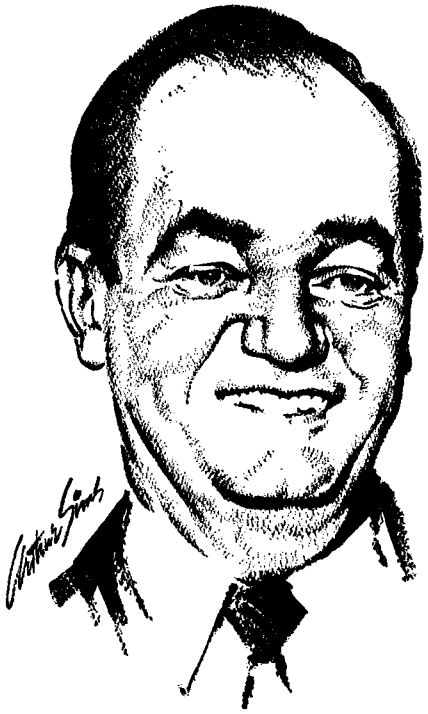
They have a great deal in common. Both are big, hyperthyroid men, sensitive to political nuance yet not subtle in personal relations. In private gatherings they can be overpowering. Neither has mastered the gentle art of listening. Each talks with a pounding incessancy, obliterating two-way conversation. Listeners are aware that this monologue is not entirely for their benefit. It is the cerebration process of a vastly creative mind unused to the habit of lonely meditation.

On the Senate floor there is a notable difference between the Texan and the Minnesotan. Johnson speaks comparatively little and then concerns himself more with the methods than with the merits of the debate. Humphrey, on the other hand, seems congenitally incapable of keeping still on any topic. Unlike most senators, who carefully cultivate their specialties, Humphrey disdains a limited concept of senatorial responsibility. He once declared to a group of reporters, "I did not come to the Senate to become the greatest living expert on the boll weevil."

Some of his most eloquent moments have been the unplanned ones. An admirer has compared his impulsive entries into debate to the way a great bird, suddenly catapulting into the air, hovers for a moment, wings flapping, and then streaks away. The flight of dazzling oratory often evokes admiration from fellow senators who are themselves not unskilled in the art of improvisation.

'It's in My Glands'

The extemporaneous Humphrey reveals awesome mental faculties. He shows a real mastery over the vast masses of technical information that enshroud most problems ranging from farm parity to foreign policy. Once he locked horns and won grudging recognition from the late Senator Walter F. George, dean of tax makers, for his competence in the intricacies of finance. Though untrained in the law, Humphrey holds his own amid the rituals of parliamentary procedure and the technicalities of lawmaking that con-



fuse and handicap other nonlawyers in the Senate. In a wide variety of professional subjects, he has acquired status as a gifted amateur.

At his best, Humphrey shows a rare skill in moving his audiences to positive enthusiasms. His is not an evangelism of quiet desperation like Adlai Stevenson's. It is a more ebullient, more do-or-die approach to the nation's needs. Speaking at a recent conference on exchange-student programs sponsored by the Institute of International Education, the senator rattled off one idea after another for increasing America's role in world affairs. With mounting exuberance he whipped himself and his audience into a state of high excitement. "This is a peace investment," he concluded. "Unless we wage the fight for peace aggressively, we're going to lose anyway. We're either going to live with the Soviets or die with them. I'm long on living. I'd like this country to put one-tenth as much effort in trying to live as to die. I don't want everybody to tell me we can't afford it. We can afford to do anything we want to do if we want it badly enough. . . . I believe in competition and I don't believe in coming in second best. I get no joy in moral victories from defeats. I like to win."

But Humphrey's far-ranging enthusiasm has its limitations. No matter how much good sense and high purpose he may reveal toward the urgent issues of our time, he often fails to set a priority for those urgencies. More than that, he lacks editorial judgment in deciding where a period may be of more value than a paragraph. In the torrential outpouring of words, his voice takes on a strident quality a full half octave higher than its normal range. Too many Humphrey orations have lost their impact simply because he failed to sense the propitious moment to sit down.

His volubility is a subject of humor among his colleagues. Recently, during an exchange on the Senate floor, Senator Clinton Anderson (D., New Mexico) speculated that perhaps one reason for Mao Tse-tung's sudden resignation from the Chinese premiership was that he feared he was next on the list to be interviewed by the Minnesota senator. Humphrey accepts such banter good-naturedly. "I can't help it," he has protested. "It's in my glands."

A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE, as someone has said, need not necessarily be someone you would like to have for dinner. Humphrey's forensic talents, however, often tend to obscure his more durable prowess as a politician. In the Senate, he has become the envoy extraordinary from the camp of the liberals to the court of Lyndon Johnson. The intuitive and never fully articulated understanding between the two men has more

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than once avoided a fateful schism among the Senate Democrats.

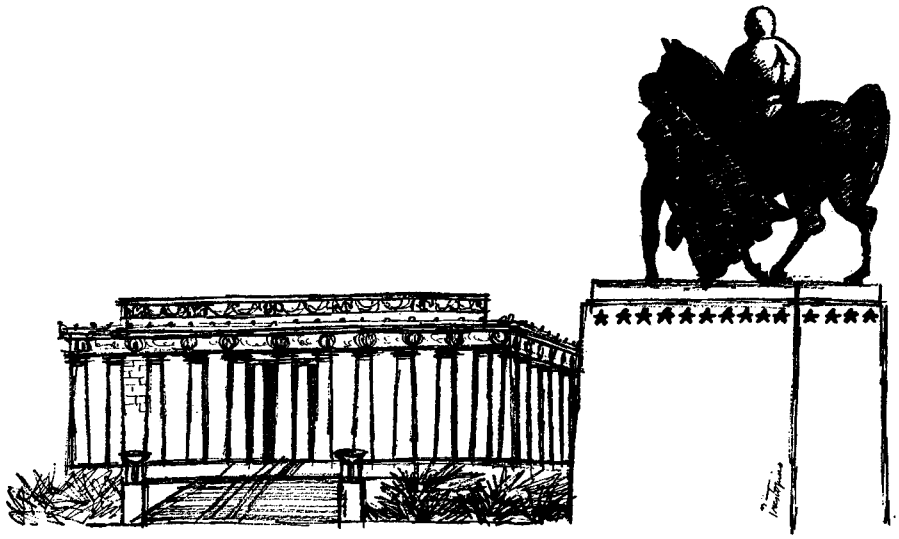
In this capacity to reach accommodations, Humphrey differs markedly from such fellow liberals as Paul Douglas and Wayne Morse, whose adamancy is often in inverse ratio to the votes they command. Humphrey shares the philosophical basis for the liberal's discontent. "Of course you never get what you want as a liberal," he has declared. "If you do, you become a conservative." But he also shares with Johnson a strong passion to be effective. The two men recognize in each other a common willingness to be guided in the last resort by sweet reasonableness—and the vote tally.

Opinions vary, even between the two senators, as to which more greatly influences the other. Certainly Johnson is more adroit in the last-minute tactical maneuvers by which legislation—prominently branded with the LBJ iron—goes through the Senate. In the longer-term strategic maneuvering to fix the battle boundaries and define the issues, a good case can be made that Humphrey gets as much as he gives.

Up from Pharmacy

Humphrey's yeasty approach to politics can be traced to his origins. He was son of a South Dakota druggist who actively practiced the stern disciplines and the hearty maxims of the small merchant. Life revolved around the drugstore. At eleven, young Humphrey went to work taking inventory. From his father he acquired a zest for hard work and a disdain for leisure. Slumber, the elder Humphrey contended, could be kept at a bare minimum by proper living. Except during rare instances of illness, the senator cannot remember having gone to bed before midnight since he was twelve.

The father was a Wilsonian Democrat in this heavily Republican territory. He maintained, his devoted son recalls, "a household of political discussion." The mid-morning coffee hour at the drugstore was a time of political free-for-all, freely attended by local Republican bankers and businessmen. After the store closed, Humphrey senior and junior often read aloud from Jefferson, Paine, Wilson, and the *Christian Science Monitor* till the small hours.



The Versailles peace treaty was followed day by day as living history.

The great depression came early and lasted late in South Dakota and was the constant backdrop of Humphrey's formative years. In 1926 the local bank closed its doors, and 1927 produced the last good crop out of this dust bowl until 1939. Hard times seemed to be an endemic condition. The family lost its home and moved above the drugstore. To preserve the dwindling cash trade, it was necessary to declare a private moratorium on several thousand dollars in accounts people owed them. Much of the business moved onto a barter basis.

To this day, Senator Humphrey admits a deep visceral reaction against the central bankers and their tight-money policies. Yet the passions fired in him by the depression were not truly radical ones. Despite their debts, the Humphreys belonged to the proprietor class. The father counseled his son about the real have-nots, "Remember, to them we're the rich people. When they start throwing stones, we'll be the ones they throw them at." It was an important distinction. Young Humphrey never toyed with the socialist doctrines that appealed to a great many in those times. In his master's thesis, written in 1942, he appraised and extolled the New Deal as an effort to rejuvenate the established order, not to destroy it. (For someone who had not yet ventured far outside the isolationist Middle West, he already had something of a world view. His thesis noted: "If the New Deal, prior to 1938, has committed any one error of significant importance, it may well be that of its insistence upon an independent national economic recovery.")

For him the personal frustration of the depression was its terrible waste of time and talent. He had worked his way through three terms at the University of Minnesota when his father, struggling desperately against bankruptcy, decided to move his business to the larger town of Huron. ("At least we won't go broke in a one-horse town.") The son quit college, took a cram course in pharmacy, and pitched in to help save the family enterprise. It was six years later when Humphrey, twenty-six years old, married, and still broke, managed to resume his formal education.

He left Huron with a will to succeed that has not yet slacked off. At the university he made Phi Beta Kappa and *magna cum laude* while working nights as a registered druggist for twenty-five cents an hour. His wife, Muriel, served as a clerk at fifty-five dollars a month. By the time he had gotten his master's degree at Louisiana State University and gone back to Minnesota to teach political science and work on his doctorate, Humphrey was down to 115 pounds.

To his friends it was inevitable that he should practice instead of teach politics. Three years after returning to Minneapolis, he made a last-minute decision to enter the mayoralty race and finished a close

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second in a field of ten. Two years later, in 1945, he won the job by a landslide.

In retrospect, Humphrey's career in Minnesota politics seems almost too Bunyanesque. With the help of a militant corps of young liberals, mostly campus buddies, he purged the city of gangster elements that had moved in from Chicago, set up the first municipal Fair Employment Practices Commission, waged a propaganda campaign against bigotry in civic organizations ("Why, a Jew couldn't belong to the local Automobile Association!"), and, by pretty general agreement, made Minneapolis into a model city. On the state level, he chaired the convention that welded the Democratic and Farmer-Labor Parties into a combination that has since won almost every important office. In 1948, five years after his abrupt entry into politics, he became the first Democrat ever elected in Minnesota to the United States Senate.

Humphrey proved, in brief, that good politics can be a matter of high ideals and hard work. His methods were disarmingly direct. One time he summoned all the city's tavernkeepers to his office and bullied them into supporting a higher liquor license in order to boost police wages. He conducted a "Mayor's Clinic" on the radio and required his department heads to appear and answer complaints. He waged a rough and tough battle against the Communists, who were trying to take charge of his newly amalgamated party, and tangled regularly with labor chieftains who opposed his reforms. It was an exhilarating era for Humphrey—one that he still recalls with nostalgia. The senator makes no bones about his belief that his best talents are in the executive field.

—But at the Convention

In contrast with the widespread public impression at the time, Humphrey denies that he knew it was politically smart to initiate the floor fight for a stronger civil-rights plank at the 1948 convention. The decision was taken at 6 A.M. after a night of painful soul searching. Even his father had warned him that he faced ridicule and possible repudiation. From other sources, some close to Mr. Truman himself, there were stronger pressures not to break ranks. White House Assistant David Niles told a Humphrey associate, "He won't get fifty votes. You are making a fool of America's future great liberal."

For a time, caution almost got the upper hand with Humphrey until Eugenie Anderson hit on the happy idea of introducing the minorities plank with heavy praise of Truman's civil-rights initiative. That way, Humphrey could at least claim to be the true insider and not the maverick. Shortly before his turn came to speak, as he waited anxiously on the convention platform, he happened to meet Ed Flynn, the old Bronx politician. Flynn looked over his resolution and told him not to worry.

Humphrey's subsequent convention appearances have not been so successful. In fact, except for a brief bow as his state's favorite-son candidate in 1952, he hasn't even had a chance to appear. The 1956 convention was a thoroughgoing humiliation for the senator. During the primary he had attempted to deliver the Minnesota delegation to Stevenson, only to have Kefauver run away with it. He had openly voiced his ambition to be the convention keynoter; Governor Frank Clement, a more flamboyant orator from Tennessee, was chosen instead. He arrived in Chicago, a self-professed candidate for the Vice-Presidency, without even a convention pass.

Humphrey's reason for declaring for an office that most politicians covet in silence is still a matter of dispute. There had been a Mayflower Hotel-suite get-together with Stevenson after a testimonial dinner for Senator George a few weeks before the convention. According to Humphrey's recollection, Stevenson, having asked him to suggest possibilities for the second spot on the ticket, finally inquired, "Why not you, Hubert?" In Humphrey's opinion, it came close to outright endorsement.

A Stevenson aide who was present denies that the meeting concluded on quite such a John Aldenish note. He recalls that Humphrey expressed a desire to be the running mate. Stevenson said it would be fine with him but that the senator should get out and enlist some popular support. Both versions of the episode agree that there was a commitment to the

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effect that if Stevenson should be obliged to select someone else, he would give Humphrey advance warning so that he could get off the limb gracefully. However, even this understanding broke down when Stevenson, at the late Coliseum session after his nomination, threw the convention open to make its own choice of a Vice-Presidential nominee.

Humphrey, lacking a floor organization, not knowing the handicaps he had to overcome, uncertain even whether a secret pledge had been made to Kefauver, was completely demoralized. At the same time, Kefauver, suspecting Stevenson of a deal with Humphrey or Kennedy, had actually started packing to leave Chicago.

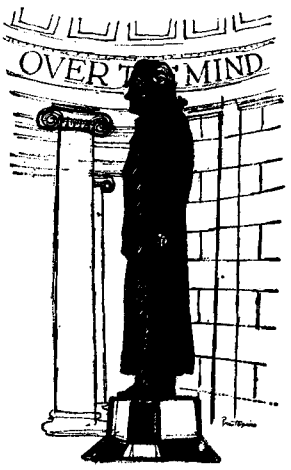
The overnight efforts of the tiny Humphrey band were pathetic. Finding the liberal-labor groups committed to Kefauver, they made a desperate effort to rally support among the Southern and border-state delegations. It was a hopeless task. Governor Orval Faubus, whose Arkansas delegation had actually been polled for Humphrey, failed to deliver. On the first ballot Humphrey got 134 votes to Kennedy's 294½ and Kefauver's 466½. One hope after another faded. By the start of the second ballot, half the Minnesota delegation, which had remained uneasily loyal to Humphrey on the first, defected to Kefauver.

This wildly undisciplined convention struggle demonstrated that the South's attitude toward Humphrey had changed little in eight years. One observer who attended a secret caucus of the Texas delegation testifies that Lyndon Johnson made a valiant if typically discreet attempt to stir up support for the new "moderate" Humphrey. But as the persuasive Senate majority leader talked, the observer saw one Texan back after another stiffen. In the end, Texas, like the rest of the South, went gladly for Kennedy.

Even Senators Can Make It

It is an observable fact of life that certain politicians who loom large on the Washington scene undergo a remarkable shrinkage when they travel to the national conventions. Even Johnson, whose manipulative exploits in the Senate are a living legend, has appeared helpless before the more uncontrolled democracy of the delegates.

How does a U.S. senator contrive to project himself outside his chamber? Traditionally the Senate has been a sterile breeding ground for Presidential candidates, partly because the senator is usually an adjunctive figure in his state's political hierarchy who, despite the Seventeenth Amendment, is often regarded as an ambassador to Washington. The real power, and therefore the real bargaining, has belonged to the governors.



There are intimations that this situation may be changing. For one thing, modern mass communication, particularly television, has given the publicity-conscious senator a chance to command a national audience that governors can seldom claim. Moreover, America's entry into world politics has made the governorship seem a less likely training for today's Presidency. It doesn't help a hopeful like Governor Robert Meyner of New Jersey to confess that all he knows about foreign policy is what he reads in the New York *Times*.

The enterprising senator can travel abroad at the taxpayer's expense, get himself briefed by the experts in and out of government, even enter that nebulous region where he is supposedly privy to our nation's most intimate secrets. Back in the United States he can earn a tidy amount as a paid nonprofessional lecturer and incidentally touch base with a number of interest groups. In short, if he knows his way around, he can create the impression that he is shouldering the cares of high office even though he doesn't have to make the Executive decisions.

Still, the problem for the ambitious senator is not easy. How does he manage to stand out from the half dozen or so other senators whose ambitions are commensurate with his own? His opportunities for demonstrable achievement are fairly limited. He is dealing largely with semantics rather than substance.

Being a member of the opposition, which also happens to be the majority party in Congress, has its own problems. Ambition dictates that he take an advanced and, if possible, antagonistic position on issues. Yet he must exercise utmost caution in reaching it. No matter how great his own expertness, he cannot pose as the expert. He finds it difficult to compete with the massive intelligence sources and policy-forming mechanisms of the Executive branch. Unless he is a committee chairman or independently wealthy, his staff assistance is woefully inadequate. Dealing as he must with increasingly complex and security-ridden issues, he realizes that by a single misstep he can be made to look naïve if not foolish. In the earnest quest to break the Executive stalemate on foreign-policy initiative, he risks condemnation as an adventurer and dilettante.

HUMPHREY has worked hard to surmount the usual senatorial limitations. The dairy state of Minnesota could not have a more enthusiastic butter-and-egg man representing its interests against such alien influences as oleomargarine. In addition to his diligent attendance to such custodial chores, the senator has managed to hold a close rein on the tightly run party organization in his state, last year even designating which among several hopefuls would be the candidate for the second Senate seat.

At the same time he has not neglected the national constituency. Though Humphrey's name isn't affixed to any major laws, his active support is counted as an asset by groups promoting a wide variety of measures. A sampling of his remarks listed in the index of the *Congressional Record* for a two-week period last August—the total listing fills more than a column—provides a clue to his multifariousness: "Agricul-

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ture: industrial use of products . . . Atomic power program . . . College Housing . . . Federal Aid to Education . . . Humane Animal Slaughter . . . Maternal and Child Health Care . . . Omnibus Housing bill . . . Vocational Education . . ." His bill to encourage American business enterprise abroad with soft currencies acquired through the disposal of agricultural surpluses has won him the interest of traditionally hostile business groups.

While Humphrey has succeeded better than most in keeping ideals from getting befouled by expediency, his record in two instances is not untarnished. He was noticeably reticent about joining the early efforts to censure McCarthy. And, in 1954, largely as a public-relations maneuver to show that liberals could be anti-Communist too, he concocted and pushed through Congress an ill-conceived bill to outlaw the Communist Party that still lies dormant on the statute books, its constitutionality in doubt.

As a diplomat at large, Humphrey has made manful use of the opportunities that have come along. When he was appointed a delegate to the U.N. General Assembly in 1956, he proved an articulate spokesman and an indefatigable back-room lobbyist for the United States. At the same time, when the Suez crisis exploded he delivered a stern ultimatum to Secretary Dulles to lift the blockade on United States oil shipments to our western European allies. It was lifted.

SINCE FINISHING his U.N. assignment, Humphrey has continued to be consulted with surprising frequency by foreign friends and foes. Though a vocal enthusiast for Israel, he has maintained a cordial and candid relationship with a number of Arab leaders. During the Turkish-Syrian-Soviet crisis in 1957, the foreign minister of Syria rather desperately summoned him from Minnesota to the U.N. headquarters to plead for relief from the insufferable squeeze in which his little country was caught. On at least two occasions Soviet representatives have sounded him out during periods of tension.

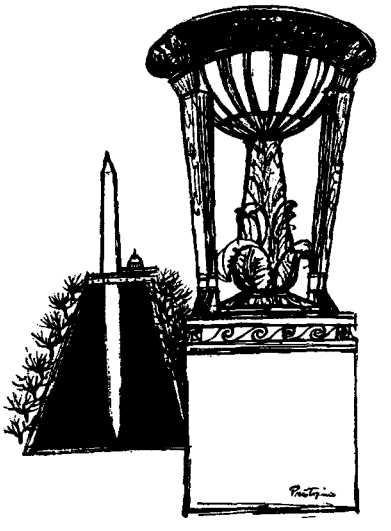
The senator doesn't pretend to know why he has been thus favored. He guesses that it may be due to his willingness to understand other people's problems, and to act swiftly to find out why something isn't being done about it. He has the attributes of a born trouble shooter. During his brief stopover in Finland last fall, he quickly diagnosed the plight of that country's anti-Communist government and made urgent but unsuccessful efforts to prod our State Department into taking steps to prevent its fall.

His most intensive work has been devoted to the Foreign Relations Subcommittee on Disarmament, which he heads. On this rather inchoate subject his hearings are considered sober and scholarly. Though progress in this field is still a long way from substantial, his work, in the opinion of one well-informed observer, "has taken disarmament down from the pie-in-the-sky category and made it a matter of current legislative business. It has forced some consideration of long-range policy upon a capital which is enormously preoccupied with this morning's crises and tonight's deadline."

It is difficult to see how the disarmament issue can be made politically attractive at this time. Should relations with the Soviets somehow survive the Berlin crisis, the climate could conceivably change. Humphrey counts on the fact that others, like himself, are long on living.

Lightning Might Strike

So far Hubert Humphrey has hardly caught on as a sure-fire Presidential candidate. Despite the unrelenting speech schedule, despite the output of press releases that overflows the desks of Washington newsmen, a recent Gallup Poll shows him running eighth in a field of nine leading Democratic possibilities. Stevenson, Kennedy, Kefauver, Johnson, G. Mennen Williams, Faubus, and Symington are all ahead of him; only Governor Meyner lags behind. If there is a deadlock at the 1960 convention, the prospect of a turn to Humphrey is presently rated much lower than that of a return to Stevenson.



Humphrey knows that he, like a number of progressives out of the Middle West before him—Bryan, Norris, La Follette—may be headed toward frustration. But always there is the possibility that the voters, casting about for a strong antidote to apathetic leadership, will decide that the United States could use an exuberant leader to pit against the exuberant Mr. Khrushchev.

Humphrey's prospects may also be helped along by what the Republicans do. If the prospects of Governor Nelson Rockefeller continue to boom, the Democrats will be hard pressed to find an ideal competitor for liberal aristocrats. To nominate their own aristocrat, which in the past has been fairly habitual practice for the party of the people, might not be as appropriate this time as to nominate a bona fide man of the people. Among the present leading Democratic contenders only Humphrey comes from even moderately humble origins.

Humphrey is prepared for such a contingency. Even though his term as senator expires in 1961—a sticky coincidence—he is confident that the problems of running for two offices at once can be dealt with. Of late, there have been pledges of financial assistance that will ease the burden for a candidate with no independent resources of his own.

FOR THE PRESENT at least, Humphrey is as detached about his candidacy as he can be about anything. Both he and his level-headed wife realize that it is no longer a question of deciding to run or not to run. He is in it whether they like it or not. And the race during this next year and a half won't be lost for want of energy expended on the cause.

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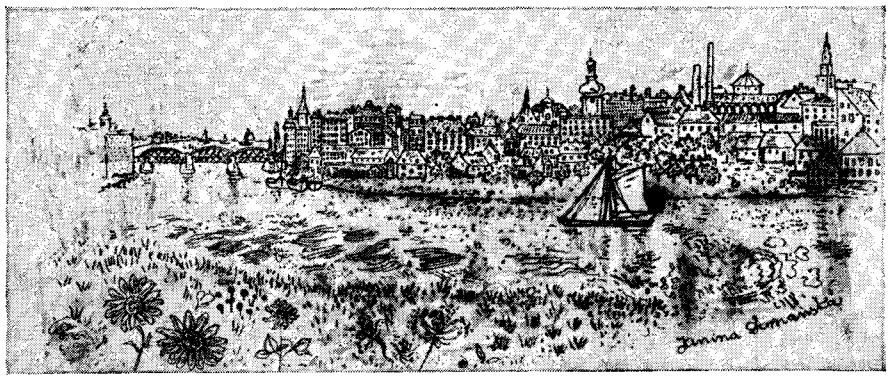

RUSSIA AND ITS NEIGHBORS:

1. Poland's 'Border Complex'

GORDON SHEPHERD

THE POLISH CLIMATE has six distinct seasons—the four normal ones, with a "pre-spring" and a "pre-winter" in addition. Obviously this makes it even more difficult to know just where you stand at any given moment; and on a recent visit to Warsaw I found just the same perplexity and complexity regarding the political climate. Did Khrushchev's original "ultimatum" over Berlin mean the beginning of an ominous "pre-winter"? If not, could the visit later paid to the United States by his deputy, Anastas Mikoyan, be taken as the dawn of a diplomatic "pre-spring" for Poland as for the rest of the world?

This was more than a casual coffeehouse topic in Warsaw. For apart from the Germans themselves, the Poles are probably more desperately interested than anyone in a peaceful solution of the German problem. Polish policy is, in essence, a policy of thaw. Many Poles may well be quite sincere in supporting the Kremlin's proposals for a Germany permanently divided, federalized, and neutralized. Yet in private, the Poles have their misgivings. For Khrushchev's offensive began by reintroducing into Europe the most glacial winds of the cold war. And quite apart from his implied criticism of the Potsdam Agreement (and therefore of Poland's temporary title deeds to the Oder-Neisse line) there is a very real fear among the Poles that any world crisis will automatically spell the end of their restricted diplomatic freedom.

One senior Polish policymaker close to Wladyslaw Gomulka, boss of the United Workers' Party and hence of Poland, put it to me this way: "As regards Europe, 1957 and most of 1958 formed a relatively quiet period, and we used this lull to push forward our Rapacki Plan for a denuclearized central Europe. I don't want to argue with you whether this plan is good or bad. But at least it was our idea, and its real significance to us was that it showed we could wiggle our toes independently on the diplomatic carpet. But the moment tension builds up, Poland, and I suppose any other small nation, loses even this liberty of movement. We dread a situation in which the Berlin issue would become an emotional prestige point between East and West. For this reason—speaking frankly—we were not too happy about the propagandistic way in which it was revived. It would be a sad day for us if a head-on clash over Germany were to cost us all those links we have managed to establish with the West over the last two years. We want to go on wiggling our toes."

I found many observers in Warsaw who reasoned that Gomulka had deliberately struck a tacit bargain with the Kremlin to give unreserved Polish support for all Russian foreign-policy adventures in return for permission to hang onto those domestic liberties Poland has won. But this reasoning, though sound enough as far as it goes on the official plane, only scratches the surface of Polish popular feeling. The West would be rash to ignore the fact that, particularly for the Poles and the Czechs, Germany remains a bitter emotional issue. The support that Khrushchev is getting in Poland for his schemes is not merely that of the Communist apparatus.

This emotional approach to all things German also underlies the Polish attitude toward frontiers as such. Understandably, peoples like the Americans and the British find any such "border complex" difficult to grasp, for the only involuntary changes that their own frontiers have undergone in the last few centuries have been caused by coastal erosions. But for the Poles, a stable frontier has all the hypnotic appeal of the mirage to a thirsty traveler. As often as they have stumbled toward it in their history, it has crumbled into sand before their eyes. Today, with the Oder-Neisse line actually in their hands for more than a decade, they are in the position of caravaners who at last have entered the shimmering oasis.

The Rumor Game

The Poles' tragedy would not, of course, be complete if there were not still elements of doubt over their triumph. Indeed, I found an odd paradox in Warsaw. At no time had there ever been so many solemn official assurances about the "inviolability of our frontiers." Yet I have never heard—not even in the lovely disputed Vale of Kashmir or in the turbulent Arab world—so many panic rumors about frontier changes. Concerning the critical western territories, the most sweeping of these stories was that Poland would have to give up Stettin and parts of Silesia in return for Kaliningrad (formerly Königsberg) and other Soviet-held

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Baltic territory. The most modest version, which amounted to a concession rather than a loss of territory, was that Poland would grant East Germany a free zone in the harbor of Stettin, which anyway lies on the western or "wrong" bank of the Oder.

The validity of the rumors interested me less than their source. Who was putting out these stories, and with what purpose? The Polish official version that West German agents were responsible may have been partially true, though not in the sinister sense the phrase conveyed. It was known that Germans who had been allowed to visit their former properties along the Oder had caused alarm and despondency by blandly thanking the Polish "tenants" for keeping an eye on things so nicely until their return.

But what the Poles admitted only in private conversation—and then very cautiously—was that the Russians might also have their stubby fingers in this rumor game. Indeed, some of the reports concerned Poland's eastern territories. Stories were circulating in southern Poland, for example, that the whole of Chelm Province was about to be "reclaimed" by Russia. While I was in Warsaw, a Polish radio station even went so far as to criticize the peasants in that area for not working because of their apathetic fear that the province was about to be handed back to the Soviet Union anyway. It would not be surprising if part of this frontier agitation represented a deliberate Soviet hint to Gomulka to remember that during the trying months ahead, Poland's borders depend absolutely on Soviet good will.

'Hang On and Preserve'

It is, of course, the existence of the East German "Democratic Republic" as a "fraternal Communist neighbor" that gives the Polish attitude toward the Germans an additional complicated twist. Here, racial instincts collide with ideology, and the warnings of history conflict with the dictates of present politics. This ambivalence came out very strongly during the East German leaders' "good-will visit" to Poland, which took place while I was in Warsaw. Despite all the formal politeness with which the Poles blanketed the occasion, one could not help feeling that racial instincts had carried the day.

This was the first time since the war that a German official delegation of any sort had entered Warsaw. Gomulka went through all the motions of playing host. Polish boy "pioneers" duly turned up at the station to hand Walter Ulbricht, the East German Communist leader, an obligatory bunch of flowers; the usual guards of honor lined up and the usual speeches of welcome were held. Yet it was painfully obvious that neither the Polish hierarchy nor the Polish people could get used

again to the sound of German blaring over the loudspeakers in their capital, or to the sight of German banners trailing from Warsaw's lampposts, and German-language slogans pasted on public buildings.

The banquet Gomulka gave for his guests only accentuated this feeling of awkwardness instead of dampening it. The gulf between the mentality of the two delegations was signaled by the opening speeches. Ulbricht rolled out the almost forgotten clichés of the cold war. He described the West Germans as "robber imperialists"; he threatened "shattering defeats" for any western aggressor, and he went out of his way to laud the "Soviet leadership of the socialist camp." The reply made by Polish Premier Josef Cyrankiewicz was eloquent by its contrast, if not its contents. His emphasis was on the need for agreement rather than on shattering defeats, and there was a conspicuous lack of references to Soviet leadership.

But the real disharmony was in the clash of personalities. I happened to be seated less than three yards away from Gomulka and Ulbricht during the proceedings, and thus had plenty of time to study these two opposite poles of the Communist world. Gomulka stood silent for most of the time, taking puffs at a cigarette which he held behind his back. Occasionally he broke into a gentle smile, and more occasionally into even gentler applause. He looked more like an incorruptible nineteenth-century radical revolutionary than a twentieth-century Marxist.

Ulbricht, a pudgy figure in a shining black suit and with a square-clipped beard, seemed barely human. Indeed, he looked and behaved exactly like an aged performing seal—a Stalinist seal who has learned one set of tricks when very small and is incapable of changing his routine. Whatever happens to the geographical boundary between the two states, one could not help thinking that the ideological Oder-Neisse line that separated their two leaders was there to stay.

It was at an advanced hour during this banquet that I got the frankest possible private comment on present Russian intentions from a member of the Polish Communist Party's Central Committee. (One of the most enjoyable things about Warsaw for the visiting journalist is that at least half of the party hierarchy are still approachable without formality, and that they are prepared furthermore to discuss politics with the sort of quasi objectivity one might expect from a left-wing Swede.)

"Of course," said this senior Communist, "our Russian friends are not simply interested in Germany, though like ourselves they want this problem settled badly enough. But in addition they are after what you people call a meeting of minds between East and West. In 1955, the Austrian State Treaty could be used as the entrance ticket to the conference hall. Today, there is no such convenient introduction available. So the meeting is being gate-crashed with the Berlin issue. Why this moment was picked, none of us here could tell you. To some extent, I

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suppose, it was a foreign-affairs curtain raiser for the Twenty-first Soviet Party Congress. But they may also be anxious to stabilize the fronts in Europe before China develops too fast and too far. There is a purely physical element in the Chinese situation—the mere existence of six hundred million people who are multiplying every year. The Russians must feel that potential pressure and, as for us, you have probably already heard the joke that Poland is happy to have the Soviet Union as a buffer state between itself and China. All we can do is hang on and hope for the best and, meanwhile, try to preserve what we have got."

I THOUGHT of the Communist official's words the next morning when I was walking around the Stare Miasto, or Old Town. The war, which cost Warsaw alone 600,000 lives, 25,000 buildings, and 782 of its 957 historic monuments, had also devastated this picturesque corner of the city. For fourteen years now, the Poles have been working patiently to restore this fragment of a vanished continent, right down to the last detail of its former splendor.

The medieval Barbakan, or fortress wall, has already risen again from the rubble, looking as raw as the new Campanile still does in St. Mark's Square at Venice. The Renaissance and Baroque houses of the famous Rynek, or marketplace, have all been reconstructed—complete to the last golden gable, black wrought-iron sign, and colored fresco. Only the narrow entrance to the square from the new town still showed deep scars of war, and these were being tackled as I walked by. It was an arctic day. Below the ramparts, the green waters of the Vistula carried a white scum of ice floes, and a bitter wind whipped up from the plain. But the men on the scaffolding seemed impervious to it all, as they chipped steadily away at the bricks, molding them into arched windows in the style of two centuries ago. These were Poles, remaking their shattered capital for the umpteenth time.

As I left the square, a shop window caught my eye. It was displaying, for the benefit of the occasional winter tourist, an assortment of roughly made pins and brooches, all of which bore the crest of Warsaw. This turned out to be a siren poised on her fishtail and holding an upraised sword to defend herself. It seemed appropriate for a brave city that has always had such a fatal fascination for its neighbors. «»

2. China: 'A Tiger by the Tail'

ROBERT C. NORTH

THE INTOURIST CLERK in Moscow's Vnukova airport was asleep and snoring, but I woke him up and showed him my travel voucher. Still drowsy, he studied my itinerary, forming the name of each stop with his lips. *"Da da, da.* Very good." He nodded as the extent of my journey penetrated through his sleepiness. "Ah, yes, almost to the edge of China."

There was a long middle-of-the-night delay before the calling of my flight, and so I settled down in a bare waiting room along with two Orthodox priests and a group of university students en route home to Iran. Next door was a wide, high-ceilinged lobby which even at midnight churned with travelers—not only Russians but also Kazakhs, Uzbeks, Tatars, Kirghizians, Mongols, and myriad other Soviet nationalities, many dressed in their native costumes. In front of the Intourist counter a Chinese labor delegation waited stiffly, rows of decorations pinned to their drab boiler smocks.

Soviet passenger jets screamed in and out of the airport at frequent intervals, and a public-address system crackled with flight announcements: Leningrad, Kiev, Odessa, Tashkent, Mukden, Canton, and Peking.

For years I had been working with documents in my study of Soviet-Chinese relations, and now at last I would have a chance to meet the people themselves. The men and women I met during the following weeks on streets and in public parks and on busses and trolleys and airplanes had a great many things on their minds, such as the cost of living, their children's grades in school, the luxuries they could not afford, and their chances for a promotion. It was easy to get them talking on these subjects, and then, almost without realizing it, they were asking me about "Mr. Doolis," or weighing the chances of war, or making predictions about China.

'Big Noses' from Moscow

On the deck of a ship in the Black Sea I fell into conversation with a young chemist enjoying the sun in blue-striped pajamas, who had worked for three or four years in Chinese laboratories. He and several other young Soviet scientists had traveled across Siberia and Manchuria by rail, and when the train drew into Chinese stations small children, seeing white faces at the window, would clap their hands and chant *"Su Lien, Su Lien"* ("Soviet Union"). Later, in the laboratories, the Chinese scientists and technicians also showed deep respect and gratitude. "Yet they did not really like having to learn from us," the young chemist said. "It made them feel inferior, I think, and as time went on they became very impatient and tried to learn more than we knew. In little ways they showed us up, and sometimes, behind our backs, they called us Big Noses, as if we were no better than—" he looked slightly embarrassed—"than old-time imperialists."

Before the rise of Mao Tse-tung, Stalin regularly told the Chinese Communists what to do—and then frequently held a Chinese leader responsible when the policy failed. And there were other causes of friction that seemed to have less to do with interparty politics than with what my friend on the ship called "old-time imperialists." One day during my trip "to the edge of China," I stood on a promontory of the Tien Shan range, which forms part of the boundary between the Soviet Union and China. Down below, bordering the foothills, lay an ancient silk route that connected

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China with the Mediterranean long ago, and just over the mountains was Sinkiang, or Chinese Turkistan, which the Russians in effect controlled for a number of years prior to the Second World War. Sinkiang is accessible to the Soviet Union by way of well-traveled mountain passes but is geographically remote from China proper, and its people are ethnically distinct from the Chinese. It was Stalin's ambition to see this part of the old Chinese Empire established as a Soviet puppet republic like Outer Mongolia, and even after Mao had seized power in China the Kremlin tried—unsuccessfully—to retain control of the region.

Mao was too tough and too canny a politician either to fall into Stalin's clutches, as his predecessors had done, or to challenge the Russians prematurely. In public, he and his supporters deferred to Stalin as a ". . . teacher and genius . . . great scientist of dialectic materialism . . . greatest figure in the world." In private they ran the Chinese Communist Party very much as they saw fit. In spite of the early indignities, however, and in spite of the self-reliance with which Mao and his comrades seized power, it was the Russians upon whom they had to rely for vital technical assistance after the People's Republic was established. This could not have been an easy pill to swallow.

But I think that it would be a serious mistake to conclude from such irritations and minor conflicts that the Sino-Soviet alliance of today is in any immediate danger of disruption. So far, the arrangement has served both countries well. For thirty years the Soviet Union had envisaged i self as standing virtually alone, "encircled" by capitalist powers, but beyond this, it was no small triumph when a fifth of mankind joined the Communist camp at one swoop.

On the other side, the value to China of Soviet technical assistance is almost incalculable. In steel production China has risen from nineteenth place to seventh, or perhaps even sixth, among the countries of the world, and its targets for the future are much higher. Mao and his planners could not have undertaken the job without assistance from a highly industrialized Soviet Union.

The Russians I talked with found it difficult to understand official American attitudes toward China. An Intourist official in Alma-Ata—on the very edge of Sinkiang—offered me an air ticket to China which, in view of my American passport, I could not accept. "Yes, yes, of course." The official chuckled at my discomfiture. "China stretches 2,500 miles from here to the Pacific, but for you Americans it does not exist." And back in Moscow a young university student, a graduate specialist in international trade, had said, "In fifty years China may be the most powerful country in the world. But you Americans think that if you cover your eyes—phoof!—it will disappear." He clearly felt a certain pride in the co-operative accomplishments of the two countries.

Droozhba and Tinted Nylons

But my trip has somehow left me convinced that the broad, deep currents of Soviet Russia and Chinese life are no longer moving in the

same direction. The Chinese are still militant and capable of limitless sacrifice and hate, but the Russians, I think, are tired of hate and tired of doing without. I suspect that the Soviet man in the street is already beginning to feel closer to his American counterpart than to the Chinese.

The Russians I met were all extremely curious about the United States—and particularly about the American standard of living. The greatest risk an American tourist runs is that of being drowned in vodka toasts to *droozhba* (friendship). Everywhere I went, I was impressed by the growing Russian hunger for the "good things of life." Soviet-made refrigerators, washing machines, and vacuum cleaners, though of old-fashioned design and hard to get, are now on display. At the G.U.M. department store directly across from the Kremlin, I saw Russian women by the dozen, their noses flattened against the display windows, gaping at tinted nylons.

In Tashkent a middle-aged Russian spoke to me as I paused before a department-store window where Soviet-made labor-saving gadgets were on display. "Tell me," he urged, "how do these things compare with yours? Tell me how your prices are." It soon became clear that my Russian friend did not think much of Soviet quality. "You Americans are stupid," he told me. "Why don't you stop your propaganda? We don't believe it in the first place, and the voices of your commentators make us feel that you hate us. Just sell us your refrigerators and washing machines and vacuum cleaners. And if our government will not let them in, tie them to balloons and float them over. You would be surprised what they will do to us."

The Chinese, I think, are harder than we are and getting harder, while the Russians are harder than we are but getting softer.

GRADUALLY it began to dawn on me that the Russians, in criticizing American attitudes toward China, might be trying to cover over some very deep apprehensions of their own. "The Chinese learn so fast," a metallurgist in Alma-Ata told me over his third vodka. "They make us Russians feel clumsy—all thumbs." He seemed to think that the Chinese, in their race for technological superiority, were quite as anxious to surpass the Russians as the British or the Americans.

On a street in Kiev I met a slender bespectacled young chap who spoke Chinese and had served as an interpreter for Russians in China and also for delegations of Chinese visiting the Soviet Union. "It is very embarrassing," he said, "to show the Chinese through our country. They go around, looking, and don't say a word. Then, suddenly one of them will say something like this: 'Well, Comrades, you Russians have had socialism for forty years. How does it happen that you are still living like this?' "

The Russians, it seemed to me,

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are increasingly worried about China's rapidly growing population. Many of them have visions of a population explosion that might send Chinese by the millions surging into Siberia's empty spaces. One day I heard a fellow American trying to explain the attitude of New Yorkers toward Puerto Ricans in their city. "I do not justify it," the American said. "I consider it quite wrong. But suppose planeload after planeload of Chinese were dumped in Moscow."

The eyes of the Russian widened. "Oh, that would not be good at all. The Chinese are a great people, but that would be most disturbing. Yes, yes, now I understand."

"What are you worried about?" a Russian hydraulics engineer asked me. "You have the whole Pacific Ocean between you and China, while we have nothing but a line drawn on a map."

On a park bench in Tashkent I met a man who described himself as a philosopher but who earned his living as a professional translator. "You may look upon Mr. K. as your worst enemy," he told me, "but watch out. If you get a real Stalinist back in his place you will wish you had Mr. K. again." My park-bench philosopher described Khrushchev as primarily a practical man, being much less concerned with ideology than with making things work. With support from Mao, however, the Russian neo-Stalinists had subjected Mr. K. to relentless attack for his "lenient" agricultural policies and his "softness" toward the West. So far Mr. K. had survived, but at times it had been nip and tuck.

"You Americans are very stupid at this game," the philosopher told me. "With all your threats of brinkmanship, you do not give Mr. K. a way out."

ON THE STREETS of Moscow I met another man, a swarthy agronomist in an embroidered Ukrainian shirt who suggested to me that ideally the Soviet Union and the United States ought to get together, but that practically there was no use even thinking about it. "Our governments are at odds," he said, wiping the sweat from his sunburnt face, "and in China we Russians have a tiger by the tail. We've got to hold on. There's no letting go."

OUR CROWDED AIRWAYS:

1. A Pilot's Views on Air Safety

CAPTAIN MEL LOGAN

I WAS FLYING a DC-7 into Los Angeles one night with sixty sleepy passengers aboard. We were coming down through overcast on a flight path cleared with the airport tower, and all was according to the book. Suddenly, as we dropped into the clear at 1,200 feet, doing 150 m.p.h., my radio squawked: "Pull up! There's a plane under you!"

I stood the DC-7 on its tail and got out of there. Aside from the jolt to the passengers and my nerves, no harm was done. It was just another near miss—971 were reported to the Civil Aeronautics Board in 1957. As an active airlines pilot and Western regional air safety chairman of the Air Line Pilots Association, I have served on many air inquiries, and I would judge that for every miss that *is* reported, five are not. The New York *Times* said recently that there was evidence of a "gentlemen's agreement" not to report near collisions, "since both the Air Force and the commercial airlines suffer from the publicity." The fliers have a more pressing reason. A report means an inquiry and red tape, and may boomerang with a suspension or dismissal. Sometimes, to be sure, the pilot *is* at fault, but in any case, the CAB investigator is hardly likely to pin the blame on the CAB rules.

Take that little slip in the night at Los Angeles. Everything was as legal as church on Sunday. The ceiling was 1,200 feet and I was above that, so I was on Instrument Flight Rules (IFR)—that is, I was following a fixed channel in the sky, which had been cleared with ground control and therefore reserved to me. At the same time, the tower had cleared the other pilot to practice night landings on Visual Flight Rules (VFR)—that is, on his own, "see and be seen"—since he was keeping below the 1,200-foot ceiling. Theoretically, he could see and avoid other aircraft up to that level.

But he couldn't see me. And, as I came out of the overcast, I couldn't see him, at night and among the city lights. It is doubtful whether we could have seen each other in broad daylight. For the way a cockpit on an airliner is designed, the pilot is flying in a tunnel. Like a horse with blinders, he can't see overhead, underneath, behind him, or much to the side. And within his field of vision, he must in this jet age perceive an object flying toward him with the speed of a bullet—and then take evasive action in time.

Last year, seventy per cent of the near misses occurred in clear weather. And not only the misses. The CAB report on the June, 1956, Grand Canyon collision, which took 128 lives, listed among probable causes "visual limitations due to cockpit visibility." The CAB had, of course, certified the airliners as safe.

The fact is that visually controlled flight on our busy air lanes and around our congested airports has become obsolete and terribly dangerous. Yet the rules permit "see-and-be-seen" flying in the same area where other planes may be flying blind, on a controlled flight path.

RECENT CLAMOR over collisions—and the demands of airline pilots—has led to the establishment of high-density zones requiring reduced speeds around major centers. These controls have helped, but they are not as firm as they seem.

Many pilots oppose any complete abandonment of VFR as a surrender of their "cockpit authority" to the man in the tower. They point out that he is likely to be extremely busy just when he is needed most, in a congested situation, and is thus unable to give you all the attention and information required. And in the case of Air Force radar, which now is pitching in on monitoring the air corridors, the operators, who are trained to look for hostile blips,

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are not necessarily trained to guide traffic. The pilots feel that as long as the tower tells them who else is in the air and where, they will be able to navigate their planes safely and give their passengers a smoother ride if the flights are given a little leeway. As for the military, they are reluctant, understandably, to submit their traffic to civilian control.

I'm afraid that won't do. With the growth in the volume and speed of civil and military aviation, the space in the air is shrinking fast. It never was quite as big as it looks. The military has blocked out great areas as reserve space, which is little used. In certain weather conditions, the best routes between major population centers are limited. The public has its preferred flight times. So in certain hours along certain routes, the air is crowded with mixed traffic—some of it controlled, some not.

THESE RISKS are unnecessary and therefore intolerable. Among the measures I think we must take to avoid them are:

¶ A rapid expansion of ground traffic control, weather service, and communications. The present scheduled build-up is years behind the need.

¶ Strict Instrument Flight Rules for all crowded zones and air lanes.

¶ The elimination of unnecessary traffic, civil and military, from these routes as much as possible, especially during peak traffic periods.

¶ Central scheduling of airline flights, with safety put ahead of public convenience and airline economics.

¶ Federal minimums for cockpit visibility in plane designs—and, since that is becoming nearly academic at jet speeds, there should be an urgent drive to develop a practical electronic proximity-warning-and-avoidance device that would signal the approach of another plane and shift course automatically. There has been much talk about this gadget, but the project seems to have bogged down.

Air safety presents lots of problems, but they are all surmountable, given the will. The sad fact is that much of the progress that has been made has resulted from the clamor over air disasters. We should be able to get the action we need without paying a price in lives.

2. General Quesada's Toughest Command

DONALD WILLIAM DRESDEN

WHEN E. R. ("Pete") Quesada came to Washington a year and a half ago as President Eisenhower's Special Assistant for Aviation, everyone waited for a demonstration of his celebrated temper. Jealous bureaucrats especially wanted to see the former Air Force lieutenant general blow up so they could retreat to their agencies and say he was uncooperative. On that score, he *was* uncooperative. Finally one of their number stalked into a meeting presided over by Quesada and delivered a cuttingly rude remark. Onlookers started a countdown for Quesada's blastoff as his color heightened, then deepened to mauve; but he was having an implosion, not an explosion, and he ignored his tormentor.

Quesada's temper will probably be tested frequently in the months to come. As administrator of the new Federal Aviation Agency he will have to harness old-line government personnel with military; he will have to satisfy civil and military requirements for the use of air space; and he must be accountable to the President and Congress, meanwhile wringing money out of the Bureau of the Budget and Congress to run the agency, which starts out with twenty-eight thousand employees and will grow to forty thousand.

THIS STAGGERING task involves heavy responsibility for the safety of air passengers: last year nearly fifty million Americans flew in domestic commercial and military transports, and an undetermined but obviously large number of private fliers logged three times as much as the airlines.

Shortly after the FAA became officially operative on the first of the year it was confronted with the crash of an American Airlines turboprop Lockheed Electra on a instrument approach to New York's LaGuardia Field in which sixty-five lives were lost. The Civil Aeronautics Board retains the responsibility for determining the cause of the accident, but the FAA is also investigating the crash to determine whether its air-traffic-control system, the aircraft, its engines, or its instruments might have been at fault, in order that any such deficiencies may be corrected without waiting for the result of the necessarily protracted CAB investigation. For example, the FAA will have to decide whether the runway the plane was approaching should have a glide-angle beam, as well as the directional beam it now has, for instrument flying. The FAA has already ruled that Electras must operate at higher-than-usual ceilings and with greater visibility distance, or, as an alternative, that the plane's altimeter must be replaced with an old-style instrument, since the Electra's altimeter has been questioned.

PROBLEMS such as these show the complexity of the FAA administrator's task. When Washington came to select an administrator, it was agreed that Quesada had nearly ideal qualifications for the job. A highly respected pilot, he stopped counting his hours in the air after the ten thousandth. He also knows electronics and engineering. During his twenty-five active years in the Air Force he held important commands, so he can talk to military brass about their problems without taking any nonsense. He also possesses another invaluable asset for a government official—he met a payroll as an official in companies such as Olin Industries and Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. During other tours of Washington duty, when Quesada was a dashing young aviator-bachelor, he was in social demand, a status that has been reinforced by his marriage to Kate Davis Pulitzer, daughter of the publisher of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

Quesada, now fifty-four, will have to use all his resources in his new job. Air-traffic regulation has been

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snarled in a bureaucratic tangle of divided authority and inaction in Washington. At one time some seventy-five interagency boards and committees were debating various aspects of an air-traffic-control system which had stalled progress at the pace of the Jenny. Today, the military has about thirty-six thousand planes, the airlines two thousand, and general aviation (private and business flying) about sixty thousand. All are potential users of the same air space, but the military's air-traffic-control system has been separate from the system used by airlines and general aviation. Couple that situation with antiquated air-safety rules, and one begins to understand some of the reasons why 277 people were killed in mid-air collisions in a three-year period ending in the middle of 1958. Many more barely escaped such accidents, for 971 near misses were reported in 1957, and a veteran pilot estimates that nearly five thousand more were not reported.

To remedy that situation, the FAA has taken over all the agencies or functions dealing with air-traffic control and air safety; military personnel will be assigned to the FAA, and military air-traffic-control equipment will be integrated with the civil into a single system.

As administrator of the FAA, Quesada is the nation's aerial traffic planner and manager, the maker and enforcer of air-safety and air-traffic rules, who will also sit as judge and jury when they are broken. He will license airmen and aircraft, and as an aerial zoning officer he will determine what air space is to be used by whom. His rules will apply to military as well as civil flying. He will also promote the development of civil aviation. These are sweeping powers to be vested in one man. Most people in Washington say it's about time.

Death According to the Rules

The urgency was enhanced by a series of mid-air collisions that had been predicted years before by air-traffic experts unless the system were modernized. One of the most spectacular of these was the Grand Canyon crash on June 30, 1956, when two airliners, flown by veteran pilots of Trans World Airlines and United Air Lines, collided in mid-air killing 128 people. The weather was good at 21,000 feet where the tragedy took place, and the air space seemingly illimitable. The cause? In its investigation the Civil Aeronautics Board said that "The pilots did not see each other in time to avoid the collision," and that this might have resulted from any one or a combination of intervening clouds, limitation of visibility from the cockpits, preoccupation with normal cockpit duties, trying to give the passengers a better view of the Grand Canyon, "or insufficiency of en route air traffic advisory information due to inadequacy of facilities and lack of personnel in air traffic control." Following the crash, some changes were made in CAB rules.

Three more mid-air collisions followed, costing seventy-four lives. Then on April 21, 1958, came the Las Vegas collision, on a fine day and on an airway which, for clarity of marking and volume of traffic, is the aerial equivalent of the Jersey Turnpike. An Air Force F-100F jet interceptor at 28,000 feet was descending rapidly to lose altitude and return to base—called a jet penetration—and flew smack through a commercial transcontinental air route and collided with a DC-7 air liner, killing forty-seven passengers and crew members and the two military pilots. Again, both planes were flying according to the rules, but the jet's action compared to a hot rod careening into a slow-moving car traveling on a through boulevard. This tragedy was followed by another military-civil mid-air collision over Brunswick, Maryland, in May, 1958.

The Las Vegas and Brunswick collisions underlined two important points in traffic control. First, the "see-and-be-seen" principle doesn't always work in the jet age. If two jets are on a collision course and one spots the other a mile away it is too late—the pilot can't act quickly enough to avoid crashing. Second, when civil and military planes are flying in the same air space but under separate traffic-control systems, the result is the same as if a stretch of highway were equipped with a set of traffic lights operated by the state and another set operated independently by the county.

After the Las Vegas crash, the jet penetration pattern in that area was altered. But why wasn't something done years ago to reduce the possibility of mid-air collisions such as these? Not because of lack of warning; immediately after the Second World War, air-traffic experts urged that the system be modernized. Airline pilots, along with others who understood the dangers ahead, urged a strict civil-military air-traffic-control system. And some progress was made.

President Truman had set up the Air Coordinating Committee in 1946, composed of representatives of all government agencies that had an interest in aviation, and by 1948 an adjunct of the committee produced an electronic airways-control plan that could have been used by both civil and military aviation. Manufacturers developed a number of electronic machines that could take over many of the onerous, time-consuming tasks of air-traffic controllers. It was a good start that never got anywhere because of lack of central authority (which the FAA now has) along with bureaucratic bungling.

According to *Aviation Week*, "The villains . . . were the Civil Aeronautics Administration, then a decade off the technical pace; the Air Force and the Navy, who under a cloak of secrecy were developing their own systems and acting unilaterally on all military-civil aviation problems; and the Bureau of the Budget, which couldn't then and still doesn't really understand the financial cost of air safety." The Civil Aeronautics Board, a quasi-judicial body, failed to exercise its authority on the control of air space until 1957, and did not rewrite the air-safety rules.

No great support for moderniza-

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tion of the system came from the airlines, either, despite the pleas of many of their own operations experts, including pilots who reported near collisions.

The End of an Impasse

Nothing was really done until a distinguished group headed by William Barcley Harding turned in a frightening report on the nation's aviation facilities in late 1955. Among other things it said that "risks of mid-air collisions have already reached critical proportions." This apparently jarred the complacent Secretary of Commerce Weeks and Under Secretary of Commerce and Transportation Louis Rothschild. CAA administrator Frederick B. Lee was replaced by Charles Lowen, who died shortly thereafter and was succeeded by his able deputy, James T. Pyle. Pyle spurred the airways-modernization program at the CAA, but the Bureau of the Budget cut the request for funds, and again this seemed fine to Rothschild and Weeks.

The Harding report outlined problems that soon were tackled in a study made by Edward P. Curtis, a businessman, First World War pilot, and Second World War major general as chief of staff to General Carl Spaatz. The Curtis report to the President, completed in mid-1957, underlined the gravity of the air-traffic-control problem thus: "Except for the addition of radar control around major airports, the air traffic control system now in use is, in its principal technical particulars, much the same system that was devised two decades ago to accommodate the growth in traffic stimulated by the DC-3—an airplane that cruised at about 160 miles an hour." (The Boeing 707 jet transport which has recently come into use flies at about 600 miles an hour.)

The Curtis report recommended that the FAA be established, but meanwhile it called for continuing the job of Special Assistant to the President for Aviation (which Curtis had held) and for setting up an Airways Modernization Board, to deal with the most pressing problems. Quesada was appointed and the AMB was set up. Quesada was working on the form the FAA should take as a guide for legislation when Washington was shaken by the series of mid-air collisions.

Senator A. S. Mike Monroney (D., Oklahoma), chairman of the subcommittee on Aviation of the Senate Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, had long been an advocate of central control of civil-aviation regulation. He immediately drafted legislation that matched in most important respects Quesada's ideas of what the FAA should be; under the legislation the FAA has taken over the Airways Modernization Board, the research and development organization that has been working on the technical problems of air-traffic control. The FAA also absorbed the entire Civil Aeronautics Administration, which has about twenty-eight thousand employees. The CAA was a kind of aerial highway department that operated navigational aids, ran the control towers, and enforced air-safety rules written by the Civil Aeronautics Board. The FAA has also assumed the rule-writing function of the CAB, which leaves the CAB to deal with the economic aspects of regulating civil aviation: granting route franchises, passing on fares, and ruling on matters such as competing companies' sharing their profits with Capital Airlines when it was grounded by a strike. The CAB will continue to conduct investigations into aircraft accidents to determine their cause, the theory being that if the FAA were to do this it might be investigating its own rules and traffic-control service. The FAA will look into accidents, of course, to correct deficiencies in the air-traffic-control system. And the CAB can hear and reverse an FAA order that cancels an airman's license: the legislators thought that a man should not be denied his means of livelihood without a hearing short of court action. But other decisions of the FAA can be challenged only in the courts, and thus there is an end to the divided authority in Washington that has plagued aviation for so long.

WHILE THE FAA BILL was being drafted, Quesada, an Eisenhower Republican, got along famously with the Democrats. The same was true during the hearings on the bill, conducted in the Senate by Monroney and in the House by Oren Harris of Arkansas. Quesada also politicked for the passage of the bill as if he had been doing this kind of thing all his life. He and everyone else worked under forced draft. The legislation had been originally planned for the upcoming Congress, but the collisions speeded everything and set up the FAA a year and a half ahead of schedule. Quesada's record on the Hill augurs well for the FAA; although it has taken over budgets of about $600 million from agencies it absorbs for the first year, it has to go to Congress for future programs, and they won't be cheap.

Quesada was in a strong position during the drafting of the FAA bill, for he urged that the new agency should be civilian and should have a civilian administrator rather than a military officer—even a retired officer like himself. He also insisted that when his job as President Eisenhower's special assistant was finished, he wanted to return to business in California. However, he felt strongly that the FAA must succeed, and he is also most loyal to the President; so when the field was searched for an administrator and he proved to be the best candidate, he accepted. This was a personal sacrifice on two counts. First, the $22,500 salary is less than he made in business. But more painful was resigning his Air Force commission. As a retired general, Quesada was still on the rolls and could be recalled to active duty, while by resigning he cut all ties.

"I've never gone through such an emotional experience as I did when I resigned my commission," Quesada says. "Writing that letter of resignation was the toughest thing I have ever had to do. I tried and tried—I'd get down five or six words, then throw the paper away. Finally, someone had to write the letter for me. You know, thirty-four years is a long time in the service."

QUESADA was air-struck at an early age. When he was commissioned in the regular Army in 1927, after attending Maryland and Georgetown Universities and Army flying school, he was one of the hottest pilots in the air. He flew to the rescue of the crew of the *Bremen*, a German plane forced down in Labrador while on a transatlantic flight. This, along with other flying exploits, won him

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a long series of flying and aide assignments with important officers, which also gave him an early, intimate look at administration on a high level. He flew on the *Question Mark* in the first week-long mid-air refueling operation, was pilot on an African safari to gather wild animals for the Museum of Natural History in New York, and he flew air mail when the Army took over from the airlines in 1933-1934.

During the Second World War, Quesada was commanding general of the 12th Fighter Command in Africa, then of the 9th Fighter Command in the European Theater of Operations. Cocky but with the skills to back it up, he was the prototype of a fighter pilot. His discipline was tough, but he never asked anyone to do anything he wouldn't do himself and frequently did, such as flying on-the-deck fighter-bomber strikes—he flew more than ninety combat missions. He was the same on the ground, ripping into everything at a furious pace, jogging his subordinates to follow suit; if they didn't, the ax fell fast. He got along fine with the ground commands he was supporting with air power.

After the war, Quesada commanded a joint task force of Army, Navy, Air Force, and Atomic Energy Commission that organized and managed the Eniwetok H-bomb tests.

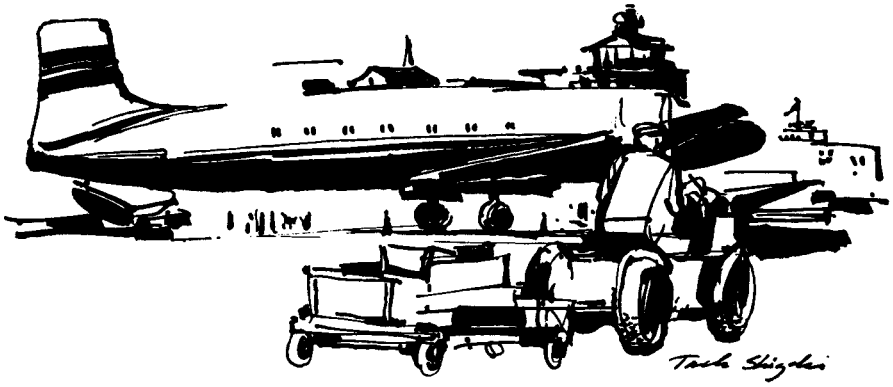
A Short Fuse

Impressive as this record may be, not everyone loves a general. The Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, with 75,000 members of whom 55,000 own their planes, thinks that the FAA is endangered by military domination and hence that private fliers might not be given a fair break. Quesada takes no stock in the idea that FAA will become militarized. "Remember that the military personnel will be *assigned* to and paid by the FAA, and we also will be making out their fitness reports," he says. One highly placed official who has watched Quesada's performance closely says: "Pete is too smart to let the military run loose in the FAA. He knows that he is going to be observed constantly on that score since he is an ex-military man."

Another potential source of tension is the administrator's power to allocate air space. Reserving air space compares to closing a stretch of road, thus forcing detours. Not long ago it was discovered that the military had five parcels of air space reserved because a general didn't want planes flying over his house at night. It would be difficult to conceive of Quesada making such an allocation, or letting others stand that have been on the books for some time.

It seems unlikely that there will be much argument about the way the FAA will handle flight rules. No sweeping changes are planned immediately, because one of the most urgent needs is to improve the existing system by developing electronic equipment to change the manual system of air-traffic control to semi-automatic. Already the Air Force has made progress in this direction that will increase the volume of traffic a control tower can handle and at the same time contribute to safety, for the smoother the system works, the less chance for accidents.

Quesada presently faces a contest with Congress over Federal aid for airport construction. In the last session, an airport bill passed the Senate unanimously and the House by a wide margin, but it was vetoed by the President. He felt that some Federal assistance was needed, but that the bill increased the amount by too much while continuing the old system of fund allocation whereby seventy-five per cent went to the states, with no assurance that it would be used, and the remainder financed projects chosen by the Federal government. A bill sponsored by Monroney calling for a $475-million airport-construction program has passed the Senate. The administration measure Quesada supports asks for only $200 million. Quesada sided with the President in calling Monroney's bill "too high in cost and poorly designed to fulfill the proper area of Federal responsibility in meeting airport development needs in a timely and effective fashion." Monroney has said, "It may be the first bill in this Congress vetoed by the President, and if so, I think it will be the first Eisenhower veto ever to be overridden."



To FILL the twelve top jobs in the FAA, paying up to $19,500, Quesada sent descriptions of duties and qualifications to many sources—government, business, professional, and other—asking for candidates. The men recommended were screened by an impartial body, and the finalists were presented to Quesada for his choice. Influence seekers and job hunters find it tough to argue with this procedure. CAA Administrator James T. Pyle has been appointed deputy administrator—to some people in aviation he would have been acceptable as administrator. A Groton and Princeton (Phi Beta Kappa) graduate, Pyle is also a veteran pilot, and before coming to the government he too had met a payroll.

So the FAA looks fine on paper, with neat lines and boxes on the organization chart and the functions spelled out for all the departments, but Quesada realizes that this doesn't reflect the human tussles that inevitably ensue in an amalgamation. In the coming months, when he exercises his authority as the first strong man in air-traffic regulation and safety, sparks are bound to fly, and one could touch off a Quesada explosion. This is not necessarily a fire hazard; indeed it could help the FAA. There is nothing like a short fuse to make people jump.

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A REPORTER ESSAY

The Policymaker and the Intellectual

HENRY A. KISSINGER

ANY OBSERVER of the American scene must be struck by the tentative quality of our policy both foreign and domestic. Major parts of the world are undergoing revolutionary upheaval; but we seem hardly aware that peoples abroad find increasingly little in America with which to identify themselves. Beyond any disagreement or dissatisfaction over specific policies there exists an ever-growing distrust or at least incomprehension of America's purposes.

It would be comforting to believe that this state of affairs is due to particular mistakes of policy that can be reversed more or less easily. Unfortunately the problem is more deep-seated. Our policymakers' lack of vigor is matched by that of many of their critics. It has been a long time since there has been a real debate on policy issues beyond a bland competition for slogans such as coexistence or flexibility.

This stagnation is often ascribed to the fact that our best people are not attracted into government service. But it may be pertinent to inquire how qualified our eminent men are for the task of policymaking in a revolutionary period. Others trace the cause of our difficulties to the lack of respect shown the intellectual by our society. However, a case could be made for the proposition that in some respects the intellectual has never been more in demand; that he makes such a relatively small contribution not because he is rejected but because his function is misunderstood. He is sought after enthusiastically but for the wrong reasons and in pursuit of the wrong purposes.

Administrative Stagnation

One of the paradoxes of an increasingly specialized, bureaucratized society is that the qualities rewarded in the rise to eminence are less and less the qualities required once eminence is reached. Specialization encourages administrative and technical skills, which are not necessarily related to the vision and creativity needed for leadership. The essence of good administration is co-ordination among the specialized functions of a bureaucracy. The task of the executive is to infuse and occasionally to transcend routine with purpose.

Yet while the head of an organization requires a different outlook from that of his administrative subordinates, he must generally be recruited from their ranks. Eminence thus is often reached for reasons and according to criteria which are irrelevant to the tasks which must be performed in the highest positions. Despite all personnel procedures and perhaps because of them, superior performance at the

apex of an organization is frequently in the deepest sense accidental.

This problem, serious enough in the private sector, is even more complicated in government. In a society that has prided itself on its free-enterprise character, it is inevitable that the qualities which are most esteemed in civilian pursuits should also be generally rewarded by high public office. But very little in the experience that forms American leadership groups produces the combination of political acumen, conceptual skill, persuasive power, and administrative ability required for the highest positions of government.

OUR EXECUTIVES are shaped by a style of life that inhibits reflectiveness. For one of the characteristics of a society based on specialization is the enormous work load of its top personnel. The smooth functioning of the administrative apparatus absorbs more energies than the definition of criteria on which decision is to be based. Issues are reduced to their simplest terms. Decision making is increasingly turned into a group effort. The executive's task is conceived as choosing among administrative proposals in the formulation of which he has no part and with the substance of which he is often unfamiliar. A premium is placed on "presentations" which take the least effort to grasp and which in practice usually mean oral "briefing." (This accounts for the emergence of the specialist in "briefings" who prepares charts, one-page summaries, etc.) In our society the policymaker is dependent to an increasing extent on his subordinates' conception of the essential elements of a problem.

The bureaucratization of our society reflects not only its inevitable specialization but also certain deep-seated philosophical attitudes all the more pervasive for rarely being made explicit. Two generations of Americans have been shaped by the pragmatic conviction that inadequate performance is somehow the result of a failure to properly understand an "objective" environment and that group effort is valuable in itself. The interaction of several minds is supposed to broaden the range of "experience," and "experience" is believed to be the ultimate source of knowledge.

Pragmatism, at least in its generally accepted forms, produces a tendency to identify a policy issue with the search for empirical data. It sees in consensus a test of validity; it distrusts individual effort or at least individual certitude and it tends to suppress personal judgment as "subjective."

THE LOW VALUATION of personal views produces a greater concern with the collection of facts than with an interpretation of their significance; therefore the myth in our government that intelligence does not advise, it only reports. It leads to a multiplication of advisory staffs and a great reliance on study groups of all types. Each difficulty calls into being new panels which frequently

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act as if nothing had ever been done before, partly, at least, because the very existence of a problem is taken as an indication of the inadequacy of the previous advice.

The situation is compounded by the personal humility that is one of the most attractive American traits. Most Americans are convinced that no one is ever entirely "right," or, as the saying goes, that if there is disagreement each party is probably a little in error. The fear of dogmatism pervades the American scene. But the corollary of the tentativeness of most views is an incurable inward insecurity. Even very eminent people are reluctant to stand alone, and they see in concurrence one of their chief tests of validity.

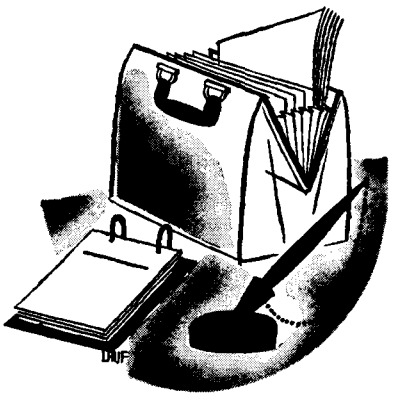
Philosophical conviction and psychological bias thus combine to produce in and out of government a penchant for policymaking by committee. The obvious insurance against the possibility of error is to obtain as many opinions as possible. And unanimity is important, in that its absence is a standing reminder of the tentativeness of the course adopted. The committee approach to decision making is often less an organizational device than a spiritual necessity.

In this manner, policy is fragmented into a series of *ad hoc* decisions which make it difficult to achieve a sense of direction or even to profit from experience. Substantive problems are transformed into administrative ones. Innovation is subjected to "objective" tests which deprive it of spontaneity. "Policy planning" becomes the projection of familiar problems into the future. Momentum is confused with purpose. There is greater concern with how things are than with which things matter. The illusion is created that we can avoid recourse to personal judgment and responsibility as the final determinant of policy.

The debilitating tendency of this approach is often obscured in the private sector of our society because the goals of our economic effort are relatively limited. They involve less the creation of a policy framework than successfully operating within one—itself a conciliatory procedure. But when the same method is applied to national policy, its limitations become dramatically apparent. Many of our policymakers begin their governmental careers with only superficial acquaintance with the problems of their office. This is partly because the rise to eminence has often absorbed most of their energies, partly because civic consciousness, where it exists, most often finds its outlet on the local level. Whatever the reason, few of our executives (or lawyers with business background) can benefit in government from the strong will which is often their outstanding trait and which gained them success. Consciously or not, our top policymakers often lack the assurance and the conceptual framework to impose a pattern on events or to impart a sense of direction to their administrative staffs. Their unfamiliarity with their subject matter reinforces their already strong tendency to identify a policy problem with an administrative breakdown and a policy solution with an aggregate of administrative proposals.

THE IMPACT on national policy is pernicious. Even our highest policy bodies, such as the National Security Council, are less concerned with developing over-all measures in terms of a well-understood national purpose than with adjusting the varying approaches of semi-autonomous departments. The elaborateness of the process is compounded by the tendency of advisers to advise; for silence may be taken to mean not that the idea under discussion is good but that the adviser is inadequate. The committee system is more concerned with co-ordination and adjustment than with purpose.

A policy dilemma is produced because the advantages and disadvantages of alternative measures appear fairly evenly balanced; otherwise there would be no need for discussion. (This leaves aside the question to what extent the committee procedure encourages a neutral personality to which the pros and cons of



almost any course of action always seem fairly even and which therefore creates artificial dilemmas.) But in assessing these alternatives the risks always seem more certain than the opportunities. No one can ever prove that an opportunity existed, but failure to foresee a danger involves swift retribution. As a result, much of the committee procedure is designed to permit each participant or agency to register objections, and the system stresses avoidance of risk rather than boldness of conception.

Our method of arriving at decisions and the attitudes of our officials distort the essence of policy. Effective policy depends not only on the skill of individual moves but even more importantly on their relationship to each other. It requires a sense of proportion; a sense of style provides it with inner discipline. All these intangibles are negated where problems become isolated cases each of which is disposed of on its merits by experts in the special difficulties it involves. It is as if in commissioning a painting, a patron would ask one artist to draw the face, another the body, another the hands, and still another the feet, simply because each artist is particularly good in one category. Such a procedure in stressing the components would lose the meaning of the whole.

THE RESULT is a paradox: the more intense the search for certainty by means of administrative devices, the greater is the inward insecurity of the participants. The more they seek "objectivity," the more diffuse their efforts become. The insecurity of many of our policymakers sometimes leads to almost compulsive traits. Officials—and other executives as well—tend to work to the point of exhaustion as one indication that they have done all that could be asked. The insecurity of many of our policymakers sometimes is also shown by the fact that almost in direct proportion as advisory staffs multiply they are distrusted by those at the top. Officials increasingly feel the need for "outside"—and therefore unbiased—advice. Memoranda that are produced within the bureaucracy are taken less seriously than similar papers that are available to the general public. Crucial policy advice is increasingly requested from *ad hoc* committees of outside experts. (See, e.g., the Gaither Committee on national defense or the Draper Committee on economic assistance.)

These committees are often extraordinarily useful. They provide a fresh point of view. They can focus public discussion. They make possible the tapping of talent that would otherwise be unavailable, particularly in the scientific field. (A good case in point is James Killian's method of operation as science adviser to the President.) They may even galvanize the bureaucracy. Nevertheless they suffer from serious drawbacks. Whatever the previous experience of the members, they require extensive "briefing." This places an additional strain on the bureaucracy, while the members of the committee are frequently ready to make their best contribution at the point when the group is disbanded. Then again, the committee is inevitably drawn from the

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same segment of society as the top officials. Its members have therefore also been victims of the prevailing administrative pace. And the committee process, with its trend toward the fragmentation of policy and its bias toward simplified approaches, is almost as pervasive in *ad hoc* groups as in regular governmental committees.

In some respects *ad hoc* groups can even be said to represent an important diversion of talent. The number of outstanding individuals with experience in a given field is severely limited. As a result the same group is called again and again on related tasks. Its discussions soon become predictable and sometimes even stereotyped. The ideal situation would be a "leapfrogging" process in which the current high officials expend their intellectual capital while others, usually outside government, develop new concepts and approaches. But constant membership on committees causes many of their members to stagnate and freezes them at the level of the experience or effort that gained them their reputation.

MOREOVER, outside groups are handicapped by the fact that unless they constitute themselves into a pressure group seeking to mold public opinion—a function beyond their scope and usually contrary to their purpose—they can be effective only if they convince the bureaucracy. If they are too far in advance of existing thinking, they are ignored. If they only confirm what has already been considered within the government, they are unnecessary. *Ad hoc* committees generally can be effective only in a

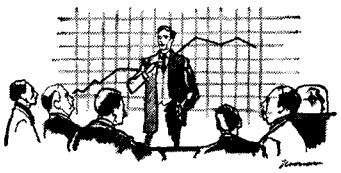
narrowly circumscribed area which may be somewhat ahead of official views but which rarely touches the essence of the problem: to challenge the existing assumptions or to define a new sense of direction.

The committee system not only has a tendency to ask the wrong questions, it also puts a premium on the wrong qualities. The committee process is geared to the pace of conversation. Even where the agenda is composed of memoranda, these are prepared primarily as a background for discussion, and they stand and fall on the skill with which they are presented. Hence quickness of comprehension is more important than reflectiveness, fluency more useful than creativeness. The ideal "committee man" does not make his associates uncomfortable; he does not operate with ideas too far outside of what is generally accepted. Thus the thrust of committees is toward a standard of average performance. Since a complicated idea cannot be easily absorbed by ear—particularly when it is new—committees lean toward what fits in with the most familiar experience of their members. They therefore produce great pressure in favor of the *status quo*. Committees are consumers and sometimes sterilizers of ideas, rarely creators of them.

FOR ALL their cumbersome procedure and their striving for "objectivity," there is something approaching frivolity about many committees. Ideas are accepted because no one can think of an objection fast enough; or they are rejected because they cannot readily be grasped. Unfortunately, not everything that sounds plausible is important and many important ideas do not seem plausible—at least at first glance, the only glance permitted by most committees. Rapidity of comprehension is not always equivalent to responsible assessment; it may even be contrary to it. The result is a vicious circle: in the absence of well-understood goals each problem becomes a special case. But the more fragmented our approach to policy, the more difficult it becomes to act consistently and purposefully. The typical pattern of our governmental process is therefore endless debate about whether a given set of circumstances is in fact a problem, until a crisis removes all doubts but also the possibility of effective action. The committee system, which is an attempt to reduce the inward insecurity of our top personnel, leads to the paradoxical consequence of institutionalizing it.

The result is that American policy displays a combination of abstractness and rigidity. Our method of arriving at decisions and the qualities it reflects and rewards place a greater premium on form than on substance. Thus on any given issue some paper will be produced for almost any eventuality. But because policy results from what are in effect adversary proceedings, proposals by the various departments or agencies are often overstated to permit compromise, or phrased vaguely to allow freedom of interpretation. In any case, what is considered policy is usually the embodiment of a consensus in a paper. The very qualities which make the consensus possible tend to inhibit sustained and subtle effort: for the statement is frequently so general that it must be renegotiated when the situation to which it applies arises.

The rigidity of American policy is therefore a symptom of the psychological burden placed on our policy-makers. Policies developed with great inward doubt become almost sacrosanct as soon as they are finally officially adopted. The reason is psychological. The *status quo* has at least the advantage of familiarity.



An attempt to change course involves the prospect that the whole searing process of arriving at a decision will have to be repeated. By the same token, most of our initiatives tend to occur during crisis periods. When frustration becomes too great or a crisis brooks no further evasion, there arises the demand for innovation almost for its own sake. Yet innovation cannot be achieved by fiat. Crisis conditions do not encourage calm consideration; they rarely permit anything except defensive moves.

The combination of unreflectiveness produced by the style of life of our most eminent people in and out of government, faith in administrative processes, and the conversational approach to policy accounts for much of the uncertainty of our policy. It leads to an enormous waste of intellectual resources. The price we pay for the absence of a sense of direction is that we appear to the rest of the world as vacillating, confused, and, what is most worrisome, increasingly irrelevant.

The Demand for Intellectuals

In a revolutionary period, then, it is precisely the practical man who is most apt to become a prisoner of events. It is most frequently the administrator who is unable to transcend the requirements of the moment. Are there any groups in our society who can overcome this impasse? How about those who are not engaged in administrative tasks nor part of large organizations; the individuals who devote themselves to furthering or disseminating knowledge—the intellectuals?

Any survey of the contemporary American scene reveals, however, that the problem is more complicated than our refusal or inability to utilize this source of talent. Many organizations, governmental or pri-

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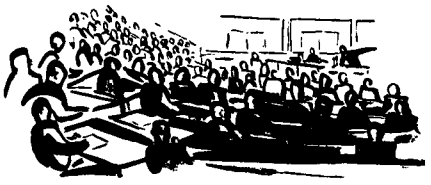
vate, rely on panels of experts. Political leaders have intellectuals as advisers. Throughout our society, policy-planning bodies proliferate. Research organizations multiply. The need for talent is a theme of countless reports. What then is the difficulty?

One problem is the demand for expertise itself. Every problem which our society becomes concerned about—leaving aside the question whether these are always the most significant—calls into being panels, committees, or study groups supported by either private or governmental funds. Many organizations constantly call on intellectuals. As a result, intellectuals with a reputation soon find themselves so burdened that their pace of life hardly differs from that of the executives whom they advise. They cannot supply perspective because they are as harassed as the policymakers. In his desire to be helpful, the intellectual is too frequently compelled to sacrifice what should be his greatest contribution to society: his creativity.

Moreover, the pressure is not only produced by the organizations that ask for advice: some of it is generated by the self-image of the intellectual. In a pragmatic society, it is almost inevitable not only that the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake should be lightly regarded by the community but also that it should engender feelings of insecurity or even guilt among some of those who have dedicated themselves to it. There are many who believe that their ultimate contribution as intellectuals depends on the degree of their participation in what is considered the active life. It is not a long step from the willingness to give advice to having one's self-esteem gratified by a consulting relationship with a large organization. And since individuals who challenge the presuppositions of the bureaucracy, governmental or private, rarely can keep their positions as advisers, great pressures are created to elaborate on familiar themes rather than risk new departures that may both fail and prove unacceptable.

The great valuation our society places on expertise may be even more inimical to innovation than indifference. Since the American intellectual is so strongly committed to the same pragmatic values as the rest of society, it produces a tremendous overspecialization. This in turn makes it difficult for the intellectual to introduce a general perspective even from the vantage point of his own calling. Panels of experts are deliberately assembled to contain representatives of particular approaches: a committee on military policy will have spokesmen for the "all-out war" as well as for the "limited war" concept. A committee on foreign policy will have proponents for the "uncommitted areas" as well as specialists for Europe. These are then expected to adjust their differences by analogy with the committee procedure of the bureaucracy. Not surprisingly, the result is more often a common denominator than a well-rounded point of view.

THIS TENDENCY is compounded by the conception of the intellectual held by the officials or organizations that call on him. The specialization of functions of a bureaucratized society delimits tasks and establishes categories of expectations. A person is considered suitable for assignments within certain classifications. But the classification of the intellectual is determined by the premium our society places on administrative skill. The intellectual is rarely found at the level where decisions are made; his role is commonly advisory. He is called in as a "specialist" in ideas whose advice is compounded with that of others from different fields of endeavor on the assumption that the policymaker is able to choose the correct amalgam between "theoretical" and



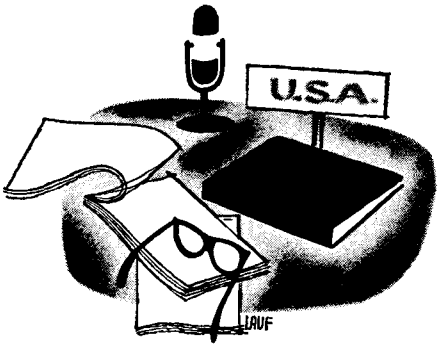
"practical" advice. And even in this capacity the intellectual is not a free agent. It is the executive who determines in the first place whether he needs advice. He and the bureaucracy frame the question to be answered. The policymaker determines the standard of relevance. He decides who is consulted and thereby the definition of "expertness."

The fact that the need for excellence is constantly invoked is no guarantee that its nature will be understood. Excellence is more often thought to consist in the ability to perform the familiar as well as possible than in pushing back the frontiers of knowledge or insight. The search for talent consists more frequently in seeking personnel for well-understood tasks than in an effort to bring about an environment that constantly produces new and not yet imagined types of performance. The "expert" not uncommonly is the person who elaborates the existing framework most ably, rather than the individual charting new paths.

THE CONTRIBUTION of the intellectual to policy is therefore in terms of criteria that he has played a minor role in establishing. He is rarely given the opportunity to point out that a query delimits a range of possible solutions or that an issue is posed in irrelevant terms. He is asked to solve problems, not to contribute to the definition of goals. Where decisions are arrived at by negotiation, the intellectual—particularly if he is not himself part of the bureaucracy—is a useful weight in the scale. He can serve as a means to filter ideas to the top outside of organization channels or as a legitimizer for the viewpoint of contending factions within and among departments. This is why many organizations build up batteries of outside experts or create semi-independent research groups, and why articles or books become tools in the bureaucratic struggle. In short, all too often what the policymaker wants from the intellectual is not ideas but endorsement.

This is not to say that the motivation of the policymaker toward the intellectual is cynical. The policymaker sincerely wants help. His problem is that he does not know the nature of the help he requires. And he generally does not become aware of a need until the problem is already critical. He is subject to the misconception that he can make an effective choice among conflicting advisers on the basis of administrative rules of thumb and without being fully familiar with the subject matter. Of necessity the bureaucracy gears the intellectual effort to its own requirements and its own pace: the deadlines are inevitably those of the policymaker, and all too often they demand a premature disclosure of ideas which are then dissected before they are fully developed. The administrative approach to intellectual effort tends to destroy the environment from which innovation grows. Its insistence on "results" discourages the intellectual climate that might produce important ideas whether or not the bureaucracy feels it needs them.

For these reasons, research institutes set up by governmental agencies have sometimes reflected



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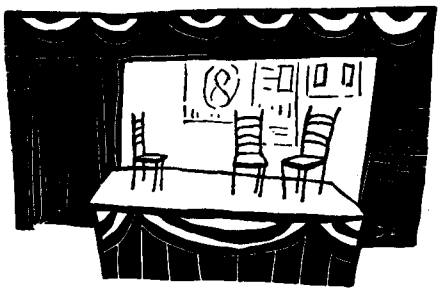
the views of their sponsor even when they were financially independent. As long as the sponsoring agency retains the right to define the tasks of its research agency—or even the majority of these tasks—it will also determine the point of view of the product. The uniformity of the administrative approach is after all primarily the result less of fiscal control than of all the intangibles of fellowship and concern produced by association with a particular group and constant concentration on the same range of issues. It is not overcome if the "outside" research institute has no greater possibility for applying a wider perspective than its sponsoring agency has.

Thus though the intellectual participates in policymaking to an almost unprecedented degree, the result has not necessarily been salutary for him or of full benefit for the organization using him. In fact, the two have sometimes compounded each other's weaknesses. Nor has the present manner of utilizing outside experts and research institutes done more than reduce somewhat the dilemmas of the policymakers. The production of so much research often simply adds another burden to already overworked officials. It tends to divert attention from the act of judgment on which policy ultimately depends to the assembly of facts—which is relatively the easiest step in policy formation. Few if any of the recent crises of U.S. policy have been caused by the unavailability of data. Our policymakers do not lack advice; they are in many respects overwhelmed by it. They do lack criteria on which to base judgments. In the absence of commonly understood and meaningful standards, all advice tends to become equivalent. In seeking to help the bureaucracy out of this maze, the intellectual too frequently becomes an extension of the administrative machine, accepting its criteria and elaborating its problems. While this too is a necessary task and sometimes even an important one, it does not touch the heart of the problem: that purpose must dominate the mechanism if we are to avoid disaster. The dilemma of our policy is not so much that it cannot act on what it has defined as useful—though this too happens occasionally—but that the standards of utility are in need of redefinition. Neither the intellectual nor the policymaker performs his full responsibility if he shies away from this essential task.

Recharging the Batteries

This is not a call for the intellectual to remain aloof from policymaking. Nor have intellectuals who have chosen withdrawal necessarily helped the situation. There are intellectuals outside the bureaucracy who are not part of the maelstrom of committees and study groups but who have nevertheless contributed to the existing stagnation through a perfectionism that



paralyzes action by posing unreal alternatives. (If we have the choice between rebuilding our cities or launching a satellite, we must choose the former.) There are intellectuals within the bureaucracy who have avoided the administrative approach but who must share the responsibility for the prevailing confusion because they refuse to recognize the inevitable element of conjecture in policymaking. (How can we be *sure* about Soviet motives? How can we be *certain* that in say thirty years the Soviet system will not be like ours?) The intellectuals of other countries in the free world where the influence of pragmatism is less pronounced and the demands of the bureaucracies less insatiable have not made a more significant contribution. The spiritual malaise described here may have other symptoms elsewhere. The fact remains that the entire free world suffers not only from administrative myopia but also from self-righteousness and the lack of a sense of direction.

One reason why intellectuals outside the administrative machines have not made a greater contribution is that for them protest has too often become an end in itself. Whether they have withdrawn by choice or because of the nature of their society, many intellectuals have confused the issues by simplifying them too greatly. They have refused to recognize that policymaking involves not only the clear conception of ideas but also the management of men. In the process analysis has been too often identified with policymaking.

But the equivalence is not absolute, particularly if analysis is conceived too rigidly. Effective policy fits its measures to circumstances. Analysis strives to eliminate the accidental; it seeks principles of general validity. The policymaker is faced with situations where at some point discussion will be overtaken by events, where to delay for the sake of refinement of thought may invite disaster. Analysis, by contrast, can and must always sacrifice time to clarity; it is not completed until all avenues of research have been explored. The difference between the mode of policy and the mode of analysis is therefore one of perspective. Policy looks toward the future; its pace is dictated by the need for decision in a finite time. Analysis assumes an accomplished act or a given set of factors; its pace is the pace of reflection.

The difficulty arises not from the analytic method but from the failure to relate it to the problems of the policymaker. The quest for certainty, essential for analysis, may be paralyzing when pushed to extremes with respect to policy. The search for universality, which has produced so much of the greatest intellectual effort, may lead to something close to dogmatism in national affairs. The result can be a tendency to recoil before the act of choosing among alternatives which is inseparable from policymaking, and to ignore the tragic aspect of policymaking which lies precisely in its unavoidable component of conjecture. There can come about a temptation to seek to combine the advantage of every course of action; to delay commitment until "all the facts are in," until, that is, the future has been reduced to an aspect of the past.

As a consequence, on many issues the short-run and manipulative approach of the bureaucracy and its adjuncts is opposed, if at all, by an abstract, dogmatic moralism that all too often cannot be related to the problem at hand. The technicians who act as if the cold war were its own purpose are confronted by others who sometimes talk as if the cold war could be ended by redefining the term. The Machiavellianism of short-term expedients much too frequently has as its sole antagonist a Utopianism that seems more concerned with registering a dissent than with contributing a sense of direction. The self-righteousness that sees in conscientious co-ordinating procedures a sufficient gauge of valid policy is little affected by a perfectionism that segments policy into cycles of domestic and foreign concerns (do we have the moral right to act abroad as long as there is a Little Rock?); or by a fastidiousness that spends more energy on establishing a moral equivalence between our attitudes and those of Communism than on defining the moral content of what we stand for. (Since we and the Communists distrust each other, an attempt on our part to claim superior morality is the most certain means to prevent a lasting peace.)

Thus if the intellectual is to deep-

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en national policy he faces a delicate task. He must steer between the Scylla of letting the bureaucracy prescribe what is relevant or useful and the Charybdis of defining these criteria too abstractly. If he inclines too much toward the former, he will turn into a promoter of technical remedies; if he chooses the latter, he will run the risks of confusing dogmatism with morality and of courting martyrdom—of becoming, in short, as wrapped up in a cult of rejection as the activist is in a cult of success.

Where to draw the line between excessive commitment to the bureaucracy and paralyzing aloofness depends on so many intangibles of circumstance and personality that it is difficult to generalize. Perhaps the matter can be stated as follows: one of the challenges of the contemporary situation is to demonstrate the overwhelming importance of purpose over technique. The intellectual should therefore not refuse to participate in policymaking, for to do so would confirm the administrative stagnation. But in co-operating, the intellectual has two loyalties: to the organization that employs him as well as to values which transcend the bureaucratic framework and which provide his basic motivation. It is important for him to remember that one of his contributions to the administrative process is his independence, and that one of his tasks is to seek to prevent unthinking routine from becoming an end in itself.

THE INTELLECTUAL must therefore decide not only whether to participate in the administrative process but also in what capacity: whether as an

administrator. If he assumes the former role, it is essential for him to retain the freedom to deal with the policymaker from a position of independence, and to reserve the right to assess the policymaker's demands in terms of his own standards. Paradoxically, this may turn out to be also most helpful to the policymaker. For the greater the bureaucratization and the more eminent the policymaker, the more difficult it is to obtain advice in which substantive considerations are not submerged by or at least identified with organizational requirements.

Such an attitude requires an occasional separation from administration. In all humility, the intellectual must guard his distinctive and in this particular context most crucial qualities: the pursuit of knowledge rather than of administrative ends, the perspective supplied by a nontechnical vantage point. It is therefore essential for him to return from time to time to his library or his

laboratory to "recharge his batteries." If he fails to do this he will turn into an administrator, distinguished from some of his colleagues only by having been recruited from the intellectual community. Such a relationship does not preclude a major contribution. But it will then have to be in terms of the organization's criteria, which can be changed from within only by those in the most pre-eminent positions.

The Highest of Stakes

Ultimately the problem is not the intellectual's alone or even primarily. There is no substitute for greater insight on the part of our executives, in or out of government. Advice cannot replace knowledge. Neither Churchill nor Lincoln nor Roosevelt was the product of a staff. As long as our executives conceive their special skill to be a kind of intuitive ability to choose among conflicting advice and as long as they see this skill largely in administrative or psychological but not substantive terms, their relationship with the intellectual will produce frustration as often as mutual support. The executive, while making a ritual of consulting the intellectual, will consider him hopelessly abstract or judge him by his suitability in achieving short-term ends. And the intellectual, while participating in the policy-making process, will always have the feeling that he never had a chance to present the most important considerations. The executives' lack of understanding of the process of reflection and the fragmented nature of their approach to policy causes them to place a premium on qualities in intellectuals which they can most easily duplicate in their own organization. It leads them to apply administrative criteria to the problems of creativity, thereby making it difficult to transcend the standards of the moment. The intellectuals' unfamiliarity with the management of men makes them overlook the difficulty in the application of their maxims.

The solution is not to turn philosophers into kings or kings into philosophers. But it is essential that our leadership groups overcome the approach to national issues as an extracurricular activity that does not touch the core of their concerns. The future course of our society is not a matter to be charted administratively. The specialization of functions turns into a caricature when decision making and the pursuit of knowledge on which it is based are treated as completely separate activities, by either executives or intellectuals. Our society requires above all to overcome its current lassitude, to risk itself on new approaches in a situation different from our historical expectation. This sense of purpose cannot come from a bureaucracy, and it will not come from our present leadership groups if they continue to see the challenge primarily as a succession of technical problems.

It is true that many of the difficulties described here are due to qualities which also account for the strength and vitality of our society. Against the background of our sudden projection into world affairs we have undoubtedly performed creditably. Unfortunately, our period offers no prizes for having done reasonably well; it does not permit us to rest on historical comparison. Our sole measure is our ability to contribute a sense of direction in a world in turmoil.

THE STAKES could hardly be higher. The deepest cause of the inhumanity of our time is probably the pedantic application of administrative norms. Its symbol may well be the "commissar," the ideal type of bureaucrat, who condemns thousands without love and without hatred simply in pursuance of an abstract duty. But we would do ourselves an injustice if we ignored that the commissar is not just a Soviet but a universal phenomenon—the Soviet system has simply encouraged it in its most extreme form. He is the administrator whose world is defined by regulations in whose making he had no part, and whose substance does not concern him, to whom reality is exhausted by the organization in which he finds himself. Our challenge is to rescue the individual from this process; to escape from the pretentiousness and stultifying quality of an atmosphere in which all sense of reverence for the unique is lost in the quest for reducing everything to manipulable quantities. The way we face this challenge will be the ultimate test of our long-proclaimed belief in the dignity of the individual.

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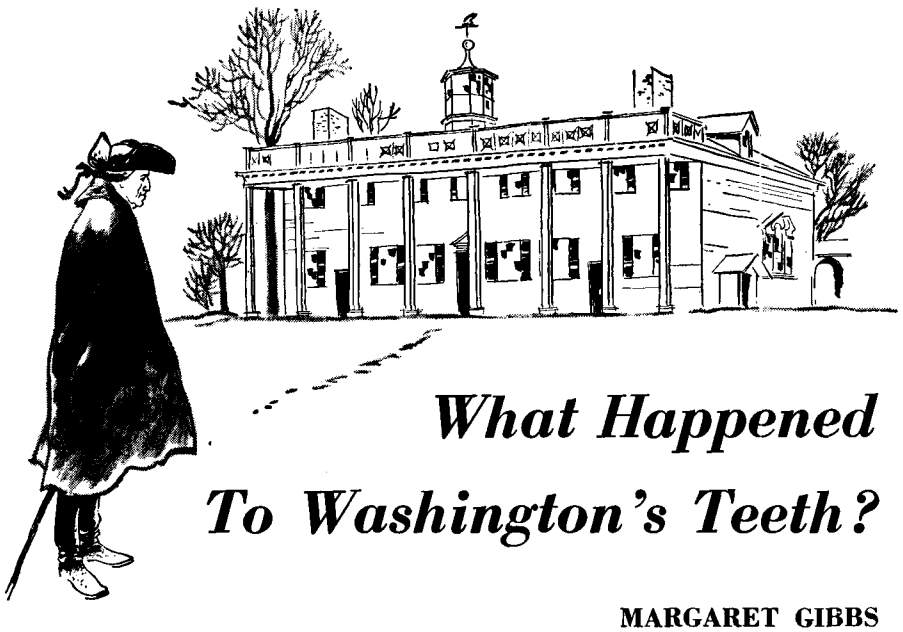

What Happened To Washington's Teeth?

MARGARET GIBBS

When my daughter was a child, we used to go to Washington at least once or twice a year, or as often as we visited my family in Baltimore. Some relative always invited us to go to Mount Vernon. Nothing could have given my child more pleasure. As soon as the excursion was proposed, she would squeal:

"Oh goodie! Then we can see those teeth, Mother!"

"General Washington's teeth," I tried to correct her. "General Washington was our first President, the Father of our Country . . ." and in icy tones I would go on to remind her of the other interesting things to be seen at this shrine.

It did no good. "Those teeth are something!" she would breathe to herself.

Her eccentricity was shared by others. We were often accompanied on these jaunts by small cousins and friends. They were all in the know. At the entrance gate, an air of excitement flared up among them. They pushed and hauled their adults up to and through the mansion. We could not stop to gaze at the Palladian Window, for the game of catch was on the minute we entered the door. We were forced to chase our darlings past the West Parlor, the Music Room, the Library. Upstairs, one of them might point out the funny bed that was so high a pair of steps had to be used to get into it, but they all hopped from foot to foot while the grownups insisted on admiring the view from the East Piazza. Then we were whizzed through the vegetable gardens, the rose garden. The outbuildings were completely ignored as they made a final sprint for the museum. When we caught up with them, the children were already glued in front of the glass case that displayed George Washington's false teeth at their eye level. There they would stay as long as our patience could bear it, uttering no sound other than an occasional "Gee!" of incredulity.

The set was indeed an awesome sight. The teeth were made of wood, two rounded slabs bristling with separate pegs. They might have been anything from a wall for a toy fortress to an intricate nutcracker, but teeth they were, according to the inscription lying beside them. Furthermore, and most important, the Father of our Country had worn them. They were of a magnificent mahogany or rosewood color, and it's a legend as old as the cherry tree that this patina was caused by the quantities of Madeira consumed by eighteenth-century gentlemen. They were a prime example of Yankee ingenuity and an extraordinary thing to see along with teacups, swords, fans, and Bibles. All our little friends loved them.

After my daughter was about twelve, fascination for such oddities seemed to slacken. Perhaps for this reason, we never went near Mount Vernon again until one day last spring.

She is now a young matron, delicately interested in antiques and historic monuments of all sorts. She "ohed" and "ahed" over color schemes, fine pieces of furniture caught her eye, she pointed out architectural details. It was all very la-di-da. After strolling through the mansion, we walked in the rose garden, we admired the espalier trees. We inspected all the outbuildings, including the carriage shed; then, finally, since the visit was something of a nostalgic pilgrimage, we entered the museum. We had no notion of the storm we were about to create.

Instinctively, we went to the case we knew so well. It was still full of lace handkerchiefs and other *bibelots,* but, to our disappointment, the teeth were missing. We made a systematic round of all the rest of the cases; still no teeth were to be seen. I decided to ask an attendant about them.

The question seemed to shock him. After a pause, he stated in a precise tone that the present curator considered them indelicate, so they were not on display. It was my turn to be shocked. After all, my sense of good taste was challenged by any such answer. Before I knew what I was doing, I heard myself in my haughtiest tone:

"Kindly give me the name of the curator. I should like to write to him about this matter!"

At that the guard bristled. Instead of giving out anyone's name, he asked sharply how long it had been since I had been to Mount Vernon. When I confessed I couldn't remember, he eyed me with malice.

"To my knowledge, the teeth have not been exhibited in forty years."

"That's impossible! This young lady was with me the last time I was here and she happens to be twenty! As for myself . . ." I choked back my reasonable feminine rage at his implication. "My last visit to this museum must have been no earlier than 1950."

This vain attempt to regain some

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dignity came to nothing. The "young lady" in question edged away, trying to look as though we weren't related. If the guard was impressed he didn't show it. He folded his arms in the perfect museum manner. His reply, while profound, was illogical.

"Madam, the teeth did not come into the possession of the Association until 1953."

BY NOW, quite a few people had gathered. Some of them were mumbling that they were sure they too had seen the teeth at this museum. The man not only stood firm in the face of opposition, he was ingenuous, invincible.

"I know where you saw them, Madam," he beamed. "It was at the Smithsonian."

This was enough to make the rest of the cowardly crowd disperse, but it didn't convince me because I had never been to the Smithsonian. To save face, however, there was nothing to do but thank him and leave in defeat. I found my daughter waiting for me outside.

"You really ought to write a letter, Mother," she said as soon as she saw me. "I know we saw them there!"

Considering her desertion in the heat of battle, I found such a remark hard to take. I explained huffily that only a special breed writes letters to officials and newspapers and that I certainly had never been among its ranks. This, as far as I was concerned, was the end of the matter.

Unfortunately, however, upon my return home I happened to tell the story to four born Washingtonians. I simply thought it would amuse them; instead they were flabbergasted. They were all quite sure they had seen the teeth at Mount Vernon. Time after time they made me repeat the adventure to mutual friends. The affair began to mushroom.

I FOUND MYSELF collecting individuals who were positive they had seen this infernal denture in these particular surroundings. No matter where I went, somebody wanted to hear the account. It didn't matter whether they were from Boston, San Antonio, Chicago, or Seattle; if they had ever been to Mount Vernon they were convinced they had seen the things there.

My sister-in-law became so interested that she went so far as to call her dentist about the matter. He assured her that he distinctly remembered them. What's more, he said they had been made for the general by Paul Revere and he considered it a historic scandal that they should be hidden away.

As if this weren't bad enough, related data started pouring in. Several kind souls declared that another set is shown at the Old South Church in Boston along with a letter of complaint from Washington himself about the discomforts of wearing them. Then I met a man from Milwaukee. He told me that while he had never been to Mount Vernon, he had seen a set in 1939 at the ancestral English home of the Washington family. And he thought if they were good enough for that place, there was no reason for Mount Vernon to quibble.

Everyone I talked to insisted that I should surely write and clear up the mystery. Finally I was goaded into it. With much trial and travail, I got off a letter to the curator. It took me all day to compose it:

August 4, 1958

The Director of Mount Vernon
c/o The Mount Vernon Ladies'
Association of The Union
Mount Vernon, Virginia

DEAR SIR:

It is with real regret that I discover you consider it indelicate to display George Washington's false teeth in the Museum at Mount Vernon. Throughout the years I have taken my daughter and countless other children to this national shrine and no matter how many lovely things they saw in the course of the tour, the teeth were an object of awe to each and every one of them—the thing they were most likely to remember and wish to see again.

There was no disrespect in their attitude. It was simply that such an exhibit seemed to make the whole visit alive for them the way the proverbial mummy is the focal point of interest for numbers of youngsters on their early art museum trips.

It seems a pity that any object which has given pleasure and reality to so many should become a target for scorn.

Yours sincerely,
MARGARET GIBBS

The next day I wrote to the Mount Vernon Ladies themselves.

A reply was not long in coming. While it couldn't have been more courteous, it left me in a more confused state than ever. It read:

The Mount Vernon Ladies'
Association of The Union
Mount Vernon, Virginia
August 11, 1958

DEAR MRS. GIBBS:

Your letters of August fourth and fifth concerning General Washington's dentures have come to my attention.

It has been my pleasure to serve this organization nearly twenty-four years. During that time I can tell you with certainty that General Washington's teeth have not been on exhibition here. It is true that we did acquire one set among a lot of other miscellaneous items of Washingtoniana which came from one of Martha Washington's descendants within the last ten or twelve years. So far, the Museum Committee has not seen fit to include them among the items to be displayed.

We do know that there were several occasions on which at least one set of General Washington's teeth were exhibited by a medical society. It is possible that you and your friends saw them on just such an occasion. There are a great many relics in our collection which we are not able to place on view in the very small area available for that purpose. Therefore, material which is most significant and which will not be too diversionary is selected for display.

Yours very truly,
W—— C. D——
Assistant to the Director

THERE IS NO REFUTING such an answer as that. It can only lead to the supposition that any number of people are suffering from a mass mirage of national dimensions. In that case, something should be done about it! It's anybody's ball who wants to catch it. I should, however, appreciate being kept up to date on any new clues that may turn up. Also, just as a matter of statistics, it might be interesting to find out how many sets of teeth were made for this great President, who made them, and where on earth they are now.

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More on Our POWs

WILLIAM PETERS

IRVING KRISTOL'S REVIEW ("The Shadow of a War," *The Reporter,* February 5) of Eugene Kinkead's *In Every War but One* was unique in pointing out that the book is based exclusively on official Army sources and that its conclusions should therefore be taken with a grain of salt. I should like to amend his prescription to make it a shakerful. Mr. Kinkead's popularization of the top brass's attitude toward the experience of American POWs in Korea is more dubious than even Mr. Kristol realizes. And since Mr. Kinkead's writings on this theme have appeared in various national magazines and have served as the basis for a nation-wide radio broadcast, this is no trivial matter.

The fact is that while the other services have been altering old training programs and setting up new ones to cope with a ruthless treatment of war prisoners that is, indeed, new in history, the Army seems to have concentrated mostly on punishing those of its POWs—especially the enlisted men—accused of serious collaboration. The extent to which the Army differs from the other services in its approach is amply demonstrated by its stubbornness in adhering to the policy of authorizing prisoners to give the enemy nothing more than their name, rank, serial number, and date of birth. The Code of Conduct for members of all the armed forces, however, issued by President Eisenhower in 1955, contains after this provision the sentence: "I will evade answering further questions to the utmost of my ability"—a significant addition that was opposed by the Army but was included at the insistence of the other services.

WHEN the Foreign Claims Settlement Commission, charged with passing on the claims for compensation of American POWs, requested from all the services any derogatory information concerning the conduct of POWs, the Army alone complied. Among the files forwarded by the Army were those of many who had been honorably discharged, presumably after any thought of court-martial proceedings and lesser punishments had been abandoned. This act stands in remarkable contrast to the statement of Major General Arthur G. Trudeau, former Assistant Chief of Staff of the Army, that "The last thing in the world we wanted was to prejudice, without due cause, the service careers or the future lives of any returnees."

The Army-Kinkead presentation can be contradicted even without recourse to the many classified, and therefore unavailable, documents on the subject. For example, although the book states repeatedly that no American captive in Korea managed to escape, the truth is that a good many did escape: from prison camps, in transit, and even from solitary-confinement punishment cells. What *is* true is that none of them were able to recross the front lines and that all were eventually recaptured. It must be remembered that the Korean War was fought on a peninsula slightly larger than the State of Florida; battle lines stretching across the peninsula were often as short as 150 miles, with heavy troop concentrations on both sides. In no other war we have fought has the problem of recrossing the front lines been so difficult for escaped prisoners, nor has the problem of concealment ever been so difficult as it was in Korea, where an Occidental north of the battle lines was obviously either an enemy combatant or an escaped prisoner.

To the statement that "the high death rate was due primarily not to Communist maltreatment but to the ignorance or the callousness of the prisoners themselves," the facts, even as scattered throughout the book, give the lie. For Mr. Kinkead reports, first, that of 5,981 Army men known to have been in prison camps, all but 485 were taken prisoner in the first twelve months of the war. Later, he states that of the 2,634 Army captives who died, almost all died in the first year. The fact is that the winter of 1950-1951 in North Korea was one of the most severe on record; temperatures of thirty-five to forty degrees below zero were common. If you add to this the less than adequate clothing worn that winter by most American POWs, the near-starvation diet, the known fact that malnutrition ranked just under pneumonia and dysentery among the chief causes of death—then Mr. Kinkead's insistence on the Army's diagnosis of "give-up-itis" as one of the main causes of death in the camps fails to carry much conviction.

THE ARMY has said that "the Communist treatment of prisoners . . . rarely involved outright cruelty, being instead a highly novel blend of leniency and pressure." Another statement has it that "The Communists rarely used physical torture . . . and the Army has not found a single verifiable case in which they used it for the specific purpose of forcing a man to collaborate or to accept their convictions." According to the Army, torture is "the application of pain so extreme that it causes a man to faint or lose control of his will . . . Many of the repatriates complained that they had been kicked, or slapped, or kept in cramped quarters, or stripped in cold weather, or forced to stand in water . . . but the Army does not regard any of these as torture. They are uncomfortable, and they do cause stress. But it is stress of the same general order as a combat soldier undergoes, and a prisoner must be able to endure such stress . . ."

This, I submit, is a gross distortion of the facts. Even as well informed a person as Stephen S. Jackson, assistant general counsel of the Department of Defense, who served as counsel to that department's Advisory Committee on Prisoners of War and presumably knows whereof he speaks, has acknowledged Communist use of torture against American POWs in Korea. Testifying on June 14, 1956, before the House Subcommittee on Commerce and Finance, Mr. Jackson said: ". . . there were Air Force people who were considered to be involved in what we might call collaboration, but

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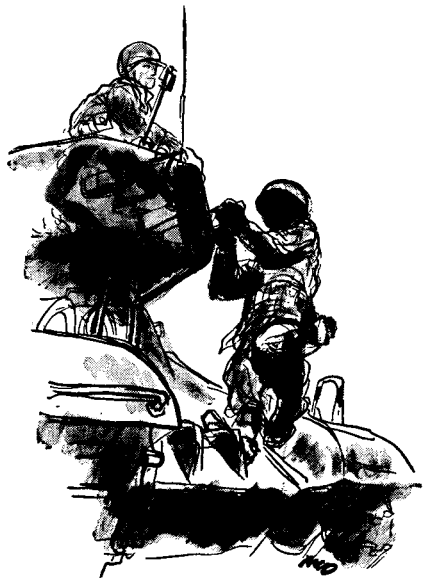
none, not one, that engaged in this experience without having varied degrees, and sometimes very intense degrees, of coercion and torture."

I myself have interviewed former American POWs who were pistol-whipped, beaten with rifle butts, sticks, and poles, spread-eagled and pounded with nail-studded boards, and suspended face down from rafters by their hands and feet to be beaten with heavy sticks from side to side like a pendulum. I can introduce the Army officials to men who were put, exhausted after hours or days of such cruelty, on their stomachs on the ground, tied hand, foot, and neck in such a way that the lowering of their feet would result in strangulation. When the Army talks about cramped quarters, perhaps it is referring to the infamous Communist wooden boxes. I know a man—one of the few American POWs to be decorated (with the Bronze Star) for his activities as a POW in Korea—who spent more than five consecutive months in a box five feet long, three and a half feet high, and two feet wide. For one period of weeks, he was not even allowed outside to relieve himself and sat imprisoned in his own filth. For the entire period, sixteen hours a day, he was forced to sit cross-legged and open-eyed without leaning against the sides of the box under pain of being beaten severely with a long pole jammed between the bars of the box's door. It goes without saying that the box was outdoors, unheated, and unprotected from rain and cold.

For the jailers of the men in the wooden boxes, a favorite means of additional torture was to force them to stand at attention inside the boxes, bent almost double, until they did indeed faint, according to the Army definition. Another method of torture, used for men both in and outside of the boxes, was to handcuff a man with cheap, razor-edged handcuffs screwed down so tightly that the victim's hands turned black within hours. Often these men were required to wash themselves in a river in subzero weather with the handcuffs in place, so that the slightest movement of the hands produced a deep gash in the wrists. When they emerged from the river, the water would freeze, leaving a solid sheet of ice over the victim. Torture? Not by the Army's definition, it would seem.

As FOR actual collaboration with the enemy, there can be no doubt that it was widespread, but Mr. Kinkead fails to explain the circumstances under which most of it took place. First, not only were officers separated from enlisted men, but noncommissioned officers were separated from privates. Second, squads of eight to fifteen men had little contact with other squads and



were under constant surveillance by guards and political instructors. Third, squad leaders and other officials among the POWs themselves were generally not elected but were appointed by their Communist captors. There was no escape from such an appointment.

As for prisoners being persuaded to attend indoctrination classes, attendance, at least in the beginning, was compulsory, as was also the written answering of written questions and the writing of autobiographies, articles, and confessions. The alternative was the kind of treatment already described. It is to the credit of most American POWs that their autobiographies, articles, and confessions were deliberately and patently false and that when the signing of a peace petition was forced on one entire camp, each officer and enlisted man signed another's name, so that no signature would be in the proper handwriting. The statement that some POWs "wrote as many as three autobiographies" is as preposterous as much of the other material in the book. In point of fact, some wrote as many as ten or twelve, and in many squads it became a co-operative effort. Aware that an autobiography or article, no matter how false, would be rewarded by cigarettes, whole squads without tobacco often decided it was time for someone to write something. The resulting literary effort, usually written by the man who had proved most imaginative, would then frequently appear in the camp newspaper, a publication produced not by the prisoners but by the Communists, who routinely edited articles to their liking without removing the prisoner's name from the effort.

Repeatedly since the release of our war prisoners, the small Turkish contingent of POWs has been singled out for praise. Mr. Kinkead's book is no exception. While there is certainly no reason to cast aspersions on the Turks, there are, again, extenuating circumstances that help to explain the contrast between their resistance and the failures of the American POWs. Most important, the Turks were never split up; officers, noncoms, and privates remained together, allowing for easy continuance of military discipline within the group. Second, there was an almost insurmountable language barrier between the Turks and their captors. Third, though not unimportant, is the fact that the propaganda value of statements, autobiographies, and confessions from the Turks obviously would be limited, and the Chinese Communists made no real effort to exert pressure on them.

THE REALLY IMPORTANT POINT (and the one the Army seems most intent on denying) is that the vast majority of alleged acts of minor or serious collaboration by American POWs were committed under duress. Mr. Kinkead's statement that in one camp where the men refused in a body to march carrying Communist flags "the suspected leaders were jailed" is a shocking euphemism. At least two of these suspected leaders underwent the ordeal of the wooden boxes.

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MOVIES

The Cinematics of Terror

STEVEN MARCUS

NORMAN PANAMA'S *The Trap* opens with a long, high Technicolor shot of the California desert, exhausted pink and dead gray, with an endless scar of highway winding across it. Along the highway move two new automobiles at normal speed, on their way, it seems, to nowhere. This, with the appropriate throbbing background music, is all that is needed to mobilize our expectations of something ominous. Particular American anxieties—about wide, flat, open spaces, and about endless, lonely roads—are set in motion by these scenes. Indeed, one of the trade-marks of the American film of violence and terror is its aggressive use of topography and space—the audience is made to feel naked and exposed, and all America seems momentarily to become vacant. In one of the best films of the genre, Elia Kazan's *Panic in the Streets,* a large city is suddenly transformed into a place where no people or institutions seem to exist, where only the hunters and the hunted roam, and where there is finally not even a crack in the concrete to hide out in. A central half-concealed assertion of many of these films is that we are plagued by violence, often gratuitous violence, in the face of which our society tends to become helpless, unmanned, ineffectual. Sometimes, in Hollywood's more persistent apocalyptic fantasies, the terror and violence threaten to infiltrate and inhabit the forms of society itself.

IN *The Trap* a vast gangster organization descends upon a little town in California. The "organization" is run like an army, fully equipped with scouts, communication centers, shock troops, artillery, and planes. The gangsters plan to commandeer a small airstrip near the town so that one of their planes can land and fly the boss of the organization (played in gamy style by Lee J. Cobb) to Mexico; for the "law," which never really appears in the movie, has put the heat on him again.

The gangsters have impressed into their service a lawyer (Richard Widmark), who was a native of the little town but who had fled it ten years before in disgrace—having taken a false rap for stealing a car to protect his younger brother (Earl Holliman). Widmark is the son of the town sheriff, a tyrannically upright man. His weak younger brother, now their father's first deputy, is drunk most of the time and has married the girl (Tina

Louise) who was in love with his brother in the past. With Widmark's return, every repressed impulse breaks loose. The law-upholding father proclaims his contempt for the spineless younger son; the girl realizes she still has it bad for Widmark and can't endure the touch of his brother; the younger brother realizes that he hates everybody; and Widmark, usually a competent actor, walks through his impossible role like a zombie, registering mute appeals to the audience now and then that he didn't plan things this way. In comparison with this snake pit of relations, the organization of gangsters is a Utopia of fraternal affection and selfless cooperation—an inversion of values that seems to me to be close to the real intention of such movies.

Widmark persuades his father that it would be impossible to defend the airstrip against the gangster army, but the younger brother cracks under the strain of his rapidly accumulating antipathies and disobeys his father's orders. As a result, the father is killed, the gangsters' headquarters squad is scattered, and Cobb, the chief gangster, is captured. The problem is then to transport him across some hundred-odd miles of gangster-controlled road to the nearest large town, and the rest of the film, a sizable chunk of it, is devoted to running this gantlet. En route, the younger brother has several more opportunities to acquaint everyone with his sibling rivalry, especially since his wife is picked up along the way and spends a good part of the time in Widmark's arms—which makes it a bit difficult not to sympathize with the lad when at length he goes over to the gangsters' side. Cobb and the girl have some rather fancy arguments as he tries to bargain for his life, and it was noticeable that both of them declared in exactly the same tone and within five minutes of each other, "All I want to do is live." All this takes place as they run the obstacle course of the desert, which is not used very inventively in the film but is nonetheless a natural setting for the action: the middle of an abstract American nowhere.

Finally Widmark, by now wounded and hysterical, gets Cobb to the end of the road—to the state highway, where they are met by a police car. Then the film's one genuine moment of horror occurs as it turns out that these policemen are gangsters who have been waiting for them. In such instants—when the traditional instruments of society, of law and order and protection, are shown to be interchangeable with the instruments of violence and destruction—the film of terror achieves its unique effect. For the interest of this kind of movie lies in its ability to turn life upside down, and to agitate thereby certain of our largest conflicts about our relation to society.

A GERMAN COUNTERPART of *The Trap* is *The Devil Strikes at Night,* a film that has been handsomely praised by reviewers. I found

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it disappointing, and a sorry job on almost all counts. The plot strays about like a bewildered poodle, the photography is undiscriminatingly dingy, and the director, Robert Siodmak, seems to have edited it almost literally with scissors and paste. Mr. Siodmak may in fact be a victim of the delusion that the more unprofessional and "primitive" a film seems, the better it is.

The Devil Strikes at Night is something of an attempt to translate Fritz Lang's famous *M* to the Germany of 1944. A homicidal sex maniac is at large in society. The maniac, one Bruno Ludke, is played by Mario Adorf in a style that can best be described as Marlon Brando with his mouth full of *Kartoffeln*. Adorf looks like Brando and has sedulously counterfeited Brando's early embarrassed-ape affectations, even down to the punch-drunk bob and weave. However, compared to Peter Lorre's sordid rodent of a child murderer in *M*, Adorf's Bruno (muscular navvy that he is) is so much pap. Bruno has already strangled an indefinitely large number of women over an indefinitely long period of time when a new young police inspector, played by Claus Holm, takes over. Holm, just invalided out of the Wehrmacht, limps about the film in a wistfully manful way, making covert, endearing anti-Nazi gestures and quips, another one of the film's assumptions being that no German except a member of the Gestapo was a committed Nazi.

The point of it all is that the young inspector begins to put things

together after Bruno's latest killing, for which an innocent man is about to be tried. As he accumulates evidence and corpses—it is a characteristic inadequacy of the film that we never see how this is done—the Gestapo also becomes interested in the case. The Gestapo *Gruppenführer,* acted in suitably reptilian style by Hannes Messemer, wants to use the occasion to get rid of Bruno by having Hitler sign a decree for the extermination of all mental defectives. But Hitler, cagey devil that he is, instantly perceives the weakness in this scheme: it wouldn't be prudent to let the German people know that a maniac had been at large and undetected by the police for so many years, and that innocent men had been executed for his crimes. So Bruno is caught and quietly liquidated, and so is the innocent accused man; and the young inspector, after a last quixotic attempt to save the latter, is sent back to the Eastern Front as a private.

THE INTEREST of *M* lay in its evocation of a society terrorized by a madman in its midst, and in its implication that the maniac himself symbolized a disease in the body politic: it was no accident that he was finally trapped by the thieves and beggars of that society. Films like *The Trap* also represent certain violent forces that exist in society and in our quasi-conscious responses to it, our fear and resentment of society and of those impulses in ourselves that wish to undo it. In *The Devil Strikes at Night* this is missing. No one is appalled by the fiendish murderer because everyone is already being adequately frightened by the Gestapo and blown up by American bombers—in fact, no one except a few authorities even knows about the murderer's existence at all.

Bruno himself, when confronted by the Gestapo, seems rather a sweet-tempered imbecile. What is missing, in short, is some image of society, an image that the film of violence and terror must either threaten, violate, or invert. In *The Devil Strikes at Night* society has long since gone to pot, and what's left of it is represented by the work of the Gestapo, whose members, unlike the gangsters in *The Trap,* can't even get along with each other. In this vacuum, the sex-fiend murderer becomes, curiously, just another victim of powers gone out of control.

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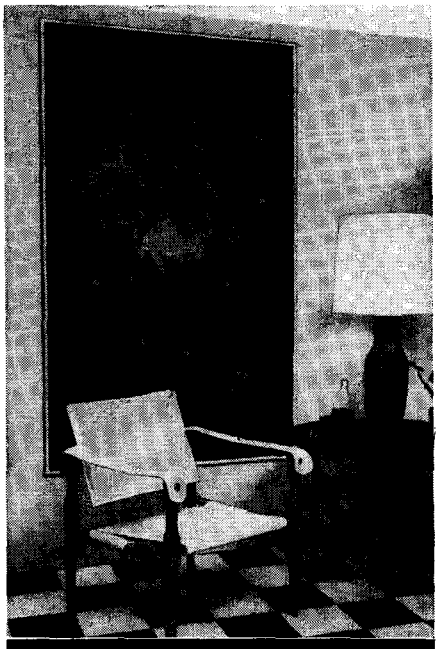

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BOOKS

Holy Leo, Mighty Feodor

ALFRED KAZIN

TOLSTOY OR DOSTOEVSKY: AN ESSAY IN THE OLD CRITICISM, by George Steiner. *Knopf. $5.75.*

In the sacred grove of literature, the novelist is always the poor relation, the country cousin, the *parvenu* who is never allowed to forget his low commercial origins in the eighteenth century. Everyone reads fiction, but if you want to praise a novel, you compare it to poetry or the drama. Since literature began as poetry and drama, and both are intimately connected with religion, holy scripture, the fundamental mythologies of mankind, it is understandable to think of fiction in terms of these classic forms, and even to praise fiction when it most nearly resembles them. But it is not always helpful. A secular age is likely to be an age of fiction, for the great characteristic of fiction is that it takes the mold of earthly life as the mysterious actuality that all human beings know it to be. We need to understand the novel in its own terms, to recognize its achievements as those which poetry may surpass but cannot duplicate. But, alas, we live in an age when novels are often bad and the nostalgia for past magnificence is acute. It is difficult to be a young and ambitious critic, like the author of this first book, and not to feel that most fiction is a waste of one's time and that even the great nineteenth-century novels of Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, and Henry James bear only "on the middle part of the spectrum of reality. Beyond it, on either hand, lie great depths and elevations . . ."

One needs an important subject to ensure an important book. Furthermore, Mr. Steiner feels that since literary criticism "should arise out of a debt of love," the critic "should be concerned with masterpieces." The reviewer and the literary critic may distinguish between "the good and the bad," but the critic's primary function is to distinguish "between the good and the best." Modern opinion, Mr. Steiner complains, has let us down. "It has lost, through the loosening of the hinges of the old-established cultural and political order, that serenity of assurance which allowed Matthew Arnold to refer . . . to the 'five or six supreme poets of the world.' . . . We have become relativists . . . Criticism should recall us to the remembrance of our great lineage, to the matchless tradition of the high epic as it unfolds from Homer to Milton, to the splendours of Athenian, Elizabethan, and Neo-classical drama, to the masters of the novel. It should affirm that . . . Homer and Dante and Shakespeare and Racine . . . are still the supreme poets of that world from which our civilization draws its life-force and in defence of which it must take its imperilled stand."

AND THAT is where Tolstoy and Dostoevsky fit in. Mr. Steiner's thesis is that because Russia has never been quite part of Europe, the two greatest Russian novelists escaped the *embourgeoisement*, the attachment to nineteenth-century middle-class materialism that overcame even the greatest nineteenth-century novelists in France and England. The Russians, as D. H. Lawrence said artists must be, were "terribly religious." They became the greatest of all novelists, for they wrote novels that in the case of Tolstoy are really epics, and in that of Dostoevsky, dramas. Tolstoy is just like Homer, and Dostoevsky like Shakespeare, Racine, Schiller.

Tolstoy himself genially admitted that two of his books were "Homeric," and the dramatic pace of Dostoevsky's novels is so urgent and even daemonic that these analogies to the epic and the drama have been always taken as a matter of course. The trouble with Mr. Steiner's book is that he is so concerned with establishing the high artistic lineage,

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in terms of other forms, of two writers who are already perhaps the most admired novelists in the world, that he gets clear out of the nineteenth century altogether into a timeless world of literary pieties. By the end of the book one is not surprised to learn that no novelist, not even Tolstoy, is altogether satisfactory: "the technique is impoverished by the thinness of the metaphysics." This excessively lofty point of view prevents us from seeing the greatness of these novelists confronting the actual Russian world of the nineteenth century. Mr. Steiner claims that he is writing in the spirit of the "old" criticism—which is not afraid of literary appreciation—instead of the "new," which is "quizzical" and "captious." But in point of fact his book is a dispiriting example of what is worst about the "new" criticism, which is the way the imitators of the imitators of T. S. Eliot talk about tradition as if there were only one—to which all works of certified excellence must be attached.

Critics who think that "our great lineage" exists, and that certain names belong to it, should at least discover for themselves that these writers are great, as Eliot read Dante and insisted on his importance. The trouble with Mr. Steiner is not that he does not read Russian; it is that he thinks anyone who does read Russian can tell him what to think. Mr. Steiner seems to believe his judgment right whenever he can quote a corroborating opinion. If a critic does not make his own discoveries, if he does not undertake the elementary risk of being wrong about something, why should we read him instead of D. S. Merezhovsky, R. P. Blackmur, Sir Isaiah Berlin, Erich Auerbach, Thomas Mann, William Empson, Nicholas Berdyaev, Henry James, John Keats, Hugh Walpole, or any of the others Mr. Steiner is always quoting (often unnecessarily)?

MR. STEINER has a rather overdeveloped sense of other people's cultural authority. This is not because he lacks ideas but because he believes that a hallowed name makes any statement tenable. Thus Homer, the sacred name, becomes so much the image of Tolstoy that we are bound to wonder: if Tolstoy is all that "Homeric," why read them both? Tolstoy reminds Mr. Steiner of Homer, but Homer reminds him of Mozart and Keats. One of the finest scenes in *Anna Karenina* "has something of the finest of D. H. Lawrence." In the confrontation of the two couples on which the novel is based, "there is something of Hogarth." Not only is Mr. Steiner careful to mention all the right names; he won't even let his great names associate with the wrong names. Quoting Henry James with reference to Dumas and Tolstoy, Mr. Steiner interjects that this "conjunction . . . is of itself a betrayal of responsible judgment." Apparently "responsible judgment" is the same through the ages, and we will be safe from censure only if we stick to acknowledged masters.

But the great nineteenth-century novelists did not operate in that timeless realm where "the five or six greatest poets" now live for us. Not once does Mr. Steiner evaluate the Russian censorship, the literary magazines, the handicaps and opportunities under which a novelist had to work in nineteenth-century Russia. He says little of the significance of the magazine serial as a form; nothing of the strain on Dostoevsky, who had to see the first parts of his greatest novels published in magazines, sometimes before he had worked out these books as a whole; nothing of Dostoevsky's particular need, as an ex-convict, to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of orthodoxy; nothing of the influence on him of St. Petersburg, or of the women who bulked so large in his life, or of the fanatically mystical court figures with whom he collaborated. Tolstoy and Dostoevsky were men, not demigods; and in point of fact, both belonged to a small and privileged class (Dostoevsky was a titular nobleman, and in his memoirs of prison life in Siberia made it clear that he had insisted on a special status); they had direct connections with the literature of western Europe, and their greatest novels were made possible by that immense stream of "bourgeois" nineteenth-century realism from which Mr. Steiner thinks their "Russian" religiosity saved them. Mr. Steiner acknowledges Dostoevsky's debt to

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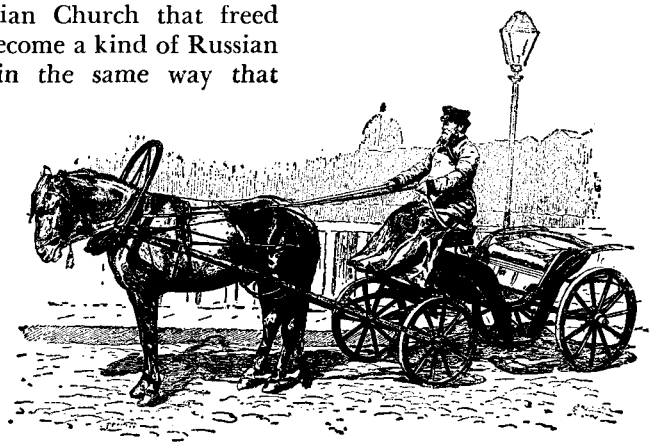
Dickens and Tolstoy's to Stendhal; in point of fact Dickens's conception of the novelist as an entertainer and popular monologist was fundamental to Dostoevsky's development, and Tolstoy based the battle scenes in *War And Peace* on the Waterloo chapter in Stendhal's *The Charterhouse of Parma*. Tolstoy's taste, despite our belief that he was a spiritual giant, an apocalyptic and messianic "Russian" type, was always more neo-classical, eighteenth-century, and even English than we may realize; he thought that Trollope was a better writer that he was! The paradox of Dostoevsky, on the other hand, is that he rises from the rubbishy clichés of popular fiction to the sublime flights of "The Grand Inquisitor"—and falls back again, without being ashamed in the least. He is like Shakespeare indeed—in the sense that he was a commercial writer constantly with an eye on a public that had to be amused, converted, educated, excited. In the end, the Russian public accompanied him to his grave in a burst of mass emotion for which there is simply no counterpart in our literary histories.

THE TRADITION of Greek Orthodoxy must be complex indeed if Tolstoy could have revolted against it and if Dostoevsky could have made it the symbolic hero of his later novels. Its relation to the growth of the novel is, however, demonstrable. Despite the corrupting alliance of church and state, Greek Orthodoxy did emphasize integrity of feeling rather than piety of action. Mr. Steiner finally disapproves of the ease with which Tolstoy became his own conscience, but in fact this was one tradition in the Russian Church that freed Tolstoy to become a kind of Russian Protestant, in the same way that German and English Protestantism freed the romantic poets from the Church itself. At the same time, Greek Orthodoxy induced a sacral sense of Russia that permitted the literary invention of the peasant, the muzhik, as the spiritual hero of Russia. Lenin once said ruefully to Gorki that there hadn't been a true portrait of the peasant in Russian literature until "that count" came along.

In the utterly anachronistic society of nineteenth-century Russia, with a court almost Japanese in its delusion and isolation, a vast inert peasant population, a deep envy of Europe, and at the same time a profound contempt for its "shallowness," the novelist had, in the absence of other means of communication, to play a critical role as myth-maker, storyteller, propagandist, and educator. It is the nineteenth-century novelist's sense of life as something fully to be described, of a new reality in which every detail is important, that liberated the genius of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. Mr. Steiner begins his book with an excellent chapter on the connection between the great French novelists and nineteenth-century society. But the connection between Russian novelists and their society, though harder for us to make precise, is unmistakable. The novelist who serialized his work in the famous "big" Russian magazine, who served as an entertainer and melodramatist and spiritual authority, really believed that all reality belonged to him. He was free to write about everything and anything, in a style that covered life from one end to the other. The novel became for such writers as exhilarating as poetic style had been to the Elizabethan dramatists. It became the great device for confronting life at its fullest.



No wonder that Tolstoy finally played God to the Russian world, lectured to everyone, condescended to Shakespeare, kept even Chekhov and Gorki around him as disciples. He was a novelist! He had his hands on that marvelous invention, that nineteenth-century powerhouse, the novel. Similarly, Dostoevsky, though he lived always on the margin, though always harassed and a hack, had his genius recognized from his first novel; he enjoyed an imaginative freedom, to the point of absolute fantasy, precisely because he was a great storyteller with an immense public that waited on his every word. It was because he was a novelist, not a dramatist, that he could play the part of the Orthodox conscience, pose as the Russian Christ, and at the same time emit delicious suggestions of evil. The novel had become the text of the nineteenth century; all doors opened to the storyteller, especially in a country where human frustration and intellectual exaltation were so packed together that only a free form like the novel could do justice to the radical ambiguity of feeling.

THE MORE Russia "normalized," the more industrialized and western it became, the more the Russian novel contracted. But it was exactly at this point, starting in the 1890's, that literary opinion in western Europe and America began to draw on the Russian novel to reinforce now one side and now the other in its anguished debate with its old moralities. To one school, the Russian novelists served as the image of true Christianity; to the other, as the image of true freedom, of the immoralist, the superman. Both schools, in the decline of western fiction, were drawing upon Russian fiction for more than the novel can bear. The story was lost in the moral; the storyteller in the legend of the Russian writer as Christ. The real moral—the power of the nineteenth-century novel—was forgotten as the prestige of poetry rose again. Fiction was interpreted as if it were, or should be, poetry, epic, drama. And that is where Mr. Steiner comes in.

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Odd Man In

NORMAN PODHORETZ

THE CAPTIVE AND THE FREE, by Joyce Cary. *Harper. $5.*

"It will break my heart if I don't finish this," Joyce Cary said of *The Captive and the Free* when he learned that he had at most a year left to live. A short time later, about five months before his death in March, 1957, a friend found him radiant: "The novel's in the bag." He kept working on it for two months more—his hands were "so paralyzed that he could no longer even turn a page"—but when his fatal illness reached a crisis in January and he realized that it would take longer than he had anticipated to whip the manuscript into final shape, he turned for the remaining few weeks of his life to his little book of criticism, *Art and Reality,* which he calculated there was still time to complete.

The Captive and the Free has now been published pretty much as Cary left it, and though he would undoubtedly have done a good deal of revising had the possibility existed, the novel is in a sufficiently finished state to be judged without special allowance. But there is no use pretending that a book written in such circumstances can be read as though it were just another novel by an interesting contemporary author. A novel it is—and an extremely good one too; and if it were not that, it would perhaps be nothing. Being a good novel, however, *The Captive and the Free* becomes something much more: a document of great human importance.

THE PLOT centers around a spectacular faith healer named Preedy, whose activities seriously disrupt the lives of a number of people representing various elements in contemporary English life. There is Hooper, a brutal newspaper editor who is struggling against the "whiffling" old-fashioned liberalism of his publishers and who is attracted to Preedy's movement partly because he wants to use it as a circulation builder and partly because he genuinely believes that an assertion of primitive faith is the only answer the decadent West can make to Communist "materialism." There is Syson, an honest Anglican clergyman who regards Preedy as a dangerous and irresponsible fraud, but who is forced in the course of contending with the evangelist into recognizing that his own faith is based on an evasion of all the basic questions. There is Joanna, the homely young newspaper heiress whose life is purposeless and empty until she comes into contact with the dynamism of Hooper and Preedy.

Preedy himself is another example of the typical Cary hero—the man who relies entirely on his own sense of the truth in defiance of authority, convention, and expediency. He is the true Protestant in religion, as Gulley Jimson of *The Horse's Mouth* is the true Protestant in art—Protestant not primarily by virtue of being a protester against anything but because he has the courage and the daring to follow the dictates of his own soul no matter what the consequences. In Cary's view, this establishes him as a free man, and freedom brings with it the agony and the glory of responsibility: his actions are his alone, for better or worse; he is what he makes of himself, not a creature of forces outside his will. So too, Syson becomes a free man as a result of his encounter with Preedy and his break with the church; in accepting "the miracle of God's love in the world" without sophistical equivocation, he graduates out of the ranks of the trimmers and the whifflers and the "puppets pulled about on strings." But in his treatment of Alice—the girl Preedy had seduced when she was fourteen and whom he still compulsively pursues—Cary makes it clear that the religion he is talking about has little to do with traditional theology or Christian ethics. For despite the fact that she rejects God and is contemptuous of the standard religious values, Alice is one of the free, having earned her

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freedom by a stubborn refusal to let the world tell her how to interpret her own experience.

What we have here, then, is an attempt by Cary to reassert the Protestant heritage without insisting on a literal belief in the existence of God. A very powerful belief in the *need* for God infuses this novel, but "God" seems to mean almost any ideal outside the self to which a man can commit his life. Of one thing Cary was certain—that the only alternative to commitment is apathy and spiritual starvation, and that faith in some transcendent ideal is the only way of preserving what Gulley Jimson calls "the virginity of the soul which never allows experience to grow stale [and] never allows custom to hide the wonders of love." There is nothing particularly original about this position, but it would be hard to think of another contemporary writer who has held it with as much conviction, as much passion, and as much charity as Cary did.

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN a little puzzled by Cary's novels. They are executed with enormous skill, they are fertile and inventive, they are deeply and powerfully felt, but to me at least they have seemed unexciting, dead at the core. Cary himself, I suspect, provided the clue to this difficulty in his most famous work, *The Horse's Mouth,* where (in the person of the artist Gulley Jimson) he set forth a remarkably rounded exposition of his own aesthetic ambitions. Gulley is a passionate disciple of William Blake, and from Blake he has learned that truth and reality themselves are to be found in the particular rather than the general, in the concrete rather than the abstract. The classicists of the eighteenth century—men like Sir Joshua Reynolds—had demanded that the artist aim at representing the general and the typical, but Blake saw this as a kind of *trahison des clercs,* an attempt by the artist to compete with the philosopher and the scientist on their own terms. Generalizations are figments, abstractions are specters; the only living thing, the only real thing, is a unique and irreducible individual.

The job of the artist, then, is to express his own idiosyncratic individuality and to insist on the idiosyncratic individuality of every detail in the universe—every flower, every stone, every color, every creature. He is, in other words a champion of diversity, complexity, and mystery as against simplicity and uniformity, and he is therefore involved in an eternal struggle with the philosopher, the scientist, and the State—all of whom deal in large leveling categories that obliterate distinctions and variations. These doctrines go a long way toward explaining why most of Cary's leading characters tend to be odd and cranky, almost freakish in their extreme eccentricity. It also helps to explain why he was drawn toward writing trilogies in which three different characters narrate very much the same series of events each from his own highly colored point of view.

Yet for all his antipathy to types and abstractions, the fact is that Cary's mind was very much a prisoner of abstractions. The crowning irony is in the character of Gulley Jimson himself. Gulley is utterly predictable; there are no surprises in him, for Cary began not with the "feel" of a complex, contradictory, elusive personality, but with an idea about artists (and a conventional idea, at that) which he then went on to illustrate concretely. This being the case, even the rich vitality of the idiom that Cary put into Gulley's mouth fails to bring him to life; we know this idiom to be a brilliant contrivance, not the inevitable language of a truly "created" character.

BUT NO SUCH CHARGE can be brought against any of the people in *The Captive and the Free.* What Cary has to say about Preedy, Syson, Hooper, Alice, and Joanna is by no means exhausted in the labels "captive" and "free"; they all resist any simple classification, any easy judgment. As we read this book, we begin to understand that after years of arduous and persistent struggle, Cary was finally able to free himself from his own special captivity, to throw off the tyranny of abstractions and to create characters who—like creatures of the natural world itself—are independent even of the will

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of their creator, characters who have a life of their own beyond the ideas they are there to represent or illustrate.

To have written this novel at all was an act of supreme moral courage, but to have come so very close to realizing the aims of a lifetime of work just at the moment when death was about to strike is an achievement that commands our admiration.

The Balance of Faiths

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

CREEDS IN COMPETITION: A CREATIVE FORCE IN AMERICAN CULTURE, by Leo Pfeffer. *Harper. $3.*

When we deal with differences over ultimate matters, it is hard even to find a common language and a shared frame of reference in which to state what those differences are. We all know, more or less, that we do not quite understand faiths that are not our own. Usually when a secular social scientist tries to describe what religious folk believe, or a Christian tries to say what Jews believe, or a Protestant tries to explain Catholicism (and in every case vice versa), the result is something like an unmusical person's attempt by sheer intellect to tell about music or an English novelist's attempt to write American slang: some of the words may be right, but the placing, the meaning, the feel for it is not right. In this little book by the lawyer of the American Jewish Congress, for example, the attempt to describe what Catholics and Protestants believe ("the wickedness of man") is not very useful, despite the author's desire to be fair.

But the difficulty goes well beyond the obvious problem that we all have in understanding another's faith; it extends to the less obvious problem that we all have in interpreting the issues of "church and state" or "religious relations." Here we are more influenced by our particular view than we ordinarily admit. Our bias appears not only in our statement of another's view but also in our statement of the common problem and of proposed solutions. For example, Mr. Pfeffer's main metaphor, of a "marketplace" in which competing creeds sell their "wares," will hardly commend itself to some of the "competitors."

The Protestant may express his bias with an innocent unstated assumption—taken as self-evident—that his views are the American norm. As Father John Courtney Murray often has observed, the Protestant may read the phrases in the First Amendment about not establishing religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or the idea of a "separation of church and state," as a kind of a national enactment of the free-church position. Any group that is authoritarian in church government is disallowed. The solution to all these problems, a Protestant may cheerfully imply, is for Father Murray & Co. either to go back on the boat or to become Baptists.

The nonreligious person may feel that only the man who has escaped the limiting commitments of religion can really look at the whole question with a fresh, clear, unbiased mind. His ideal picture of the religious scene sees religion as just a "private matter," for those who like that kind of thing; something to be left strictly at home or in church, and to be subordinated to a common civic faith in "democracy" or something. Often he too is innocent, unaware that his view contradicts directly what most believers believe.

The Jew and the Catholic, too, have their ways of disallowing an opponent's point from the start. When a Jewish child, caught in public-school renditions of the Christmas carol, has to solve his problem by singing "Christ, *your* savior, is born," we feel that the unthinking Christian majority has done something it should not have done. Still, the sensitivities of the minority cannot quite have an absolute veto. The problem is not, as the Jewish community for reasons that are under-

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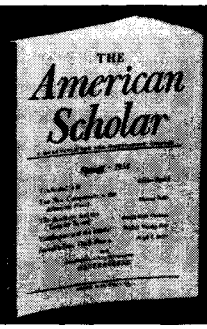

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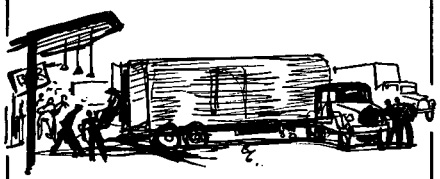

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standable tends to see it, exclusively a matter of minority rights, requiring a vigorous resistance to every breach in an absolutist interpretation of "separation of church and state." There must be some legitimate place somewhere for the majority's claims too, and the meaning of "separation of church and state" is not settled, clear, and absolute, but is itself at issue.

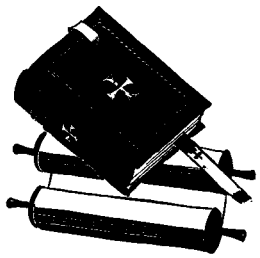
The Roman Catholic version of this error—of defining the rules so your side necessarily will win—is more noticeable because it includes the formal insistence on the Church's authority and truth. The error appears also, however, in more informal expressions: in the creeping infallibility that extends itself out beyond the necessarily authoritative center to the sometimes unnecessarily self-confident periphery.

The debate, by all parties, on these matters has a built-in inflationary tendency: it is continually elevated above the level of public policy to the higher realm of Constitutional, moral, and religious principle. There is generally much psychoanalysis of the Founding Fathers, as though if we could find what they *really* meant that would solve the matter. But appeals to James Madison and Thomas Jefferson are not going to solve our current problems. And the decisions of the Supreme Court would seem to indicate that it is at least as confused about church and state as everybody else.

MR. PFEFFER does not lean very hard on Constitutional principle and Founding Fathers; instead, he describes the current problems in detail. But his description does manage to make his own point.

In a way, his book is a sort of *Realpolitik* of the American religious scene. His approach is to the "harmonism" of, say, the National Conference of Christians and Jews roughly as the realistic world politics of Hans Morgenthau or George Kennan is to the idealism of Wilson. The parallel, in fact, is even reflected in his language: Mr. Pfeffer writes continually of the "alliances" that the different religious groups form with and against each other, as blocs, in order to preserve what he does not quite call the balance of power in the American religious scene. Protestantism seems more or less to fill the role of balancer, like Britain in relation to continental politics in the nineteenth century. Judaism is like a lesser power in a great-power world, occasionally able effectively to throw its weight when the balance is fairly even (". . . the weight it adds to the Protestant dissent-secular humanism alliance is by no means inconsiderable . . ."). Catholicism is what I believe is called, in the Kissinger language, the "revolutionary" power: the aggressive and dynamic one, which tends to upset the prevailing balance. ("Catholicism has passed from the defensive and has become an active and confident protagonist in American cultural competition.") Catholicism is becoming the chief defender of the American "moral culture," which was shaped by the "alliance" of Protestant dissent and Calvinist Puritanism, but also the chief critic of the American "political culture," especially its idea of "separation," that was shaped by the "alliance" of Protestant dissent and secular humanism.

Despite his cheerful references to a not very specific "creativity" that results from America's "competition," Mr. Pfeffer's book—to continue the Kissinger figure—really suggests a sort of "limited war" among the powers, and especially against the revolutionary Catholic power. Sometimes he seems to go beyond that—almost to fall into the demand for unconditional surrender. In its worst part the book dismisses "compromise" and says that "in an all out contest ending with one contestant victorious and the other defeated, at least one party is happy." But in its better parts it sets down sensible rules to limit and moderate the conflict, and it presents a summary of the agitated issues (adoption, Sabbath laws, divorce, birth control, censorship, and above all, religion and education) by one who knows those issues well.



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